A Profile in Courage: J. William Fulbright

Ramparts

June 1966

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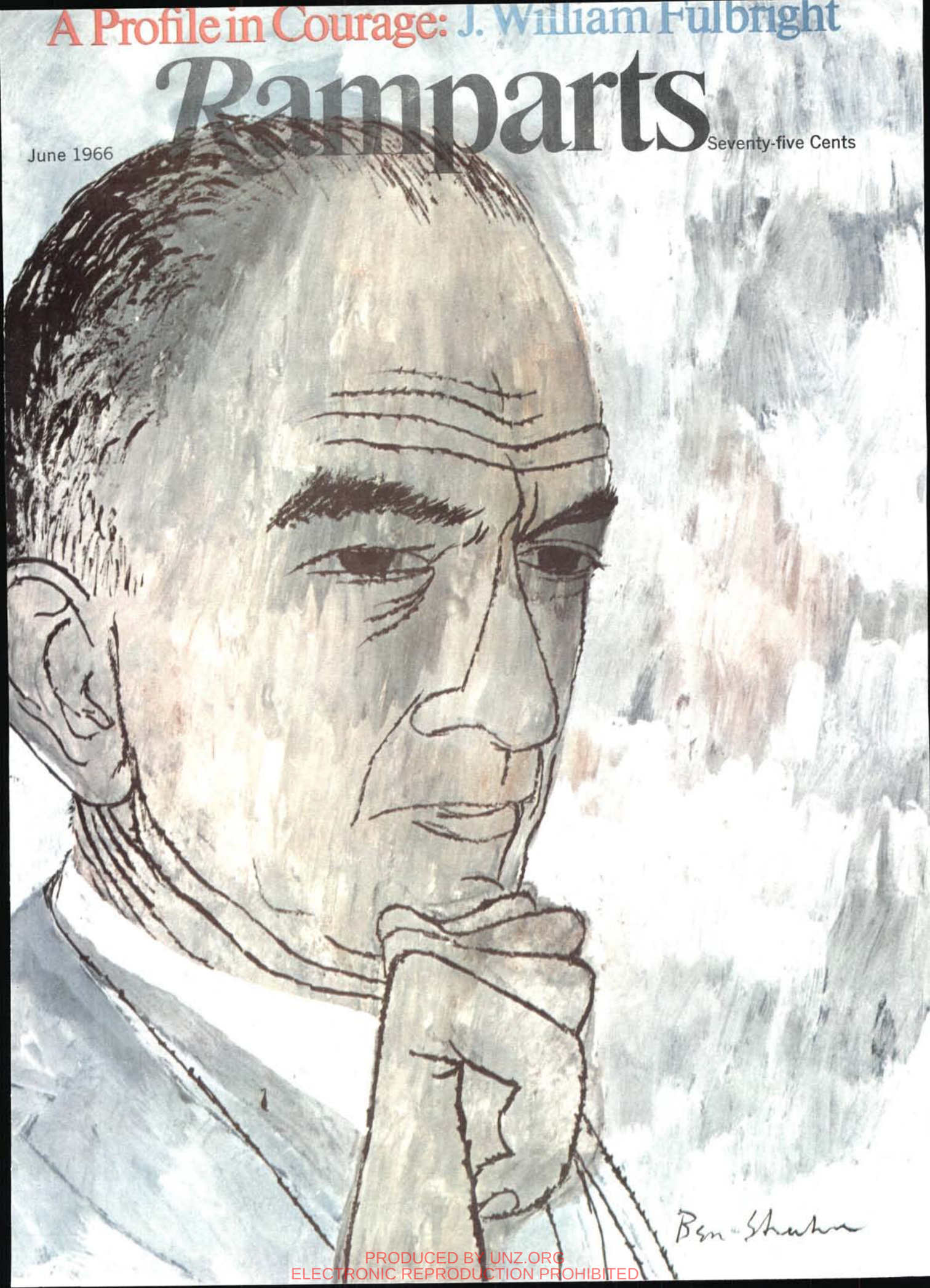

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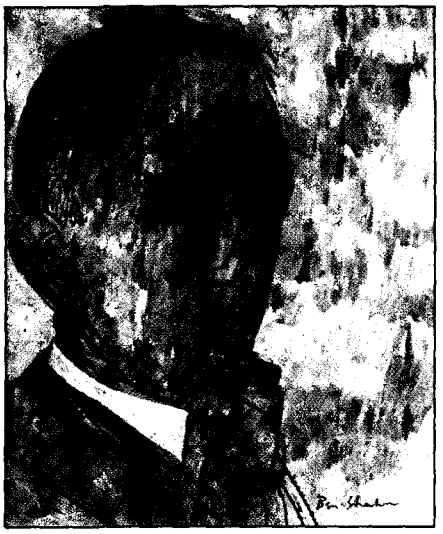

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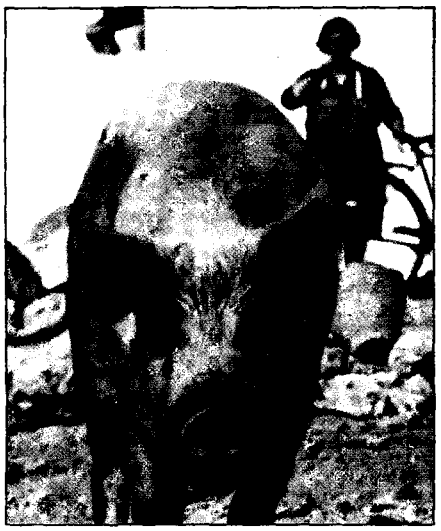

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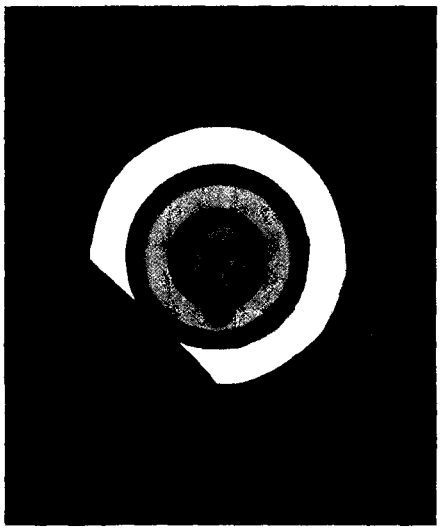

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Ramparts

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Apologia:

GETTING OLDER, Alice once remarked (we believe it was to the Mad Hatter) is a rather silly thing. You will forgive us a giggle as we enter Volume 5, No. 1. Five years is not much for people, but of some significance for dogs and magazines. Our feelings at this moment, if you really care, parallel the last words from Richard Halliburton, radioed as his raft was kicked below the belt by a giant Pacific storm: "Having wonderful time. Wish you were here instead of me."

One of the signs of advancing age is forgetfulness. In the case in point we just forgot May. This issue, Volume 5, No. 1 (June) succeeds immediately Volume 4, No. 12 (April). The reason is not amnesia, entirely. When Ramparts switched from a quarterly (actually it was a fifthly) in 1964 we became a tenthly (ten times a year) rather than a monthly (you know about them). However, in 1965, we stopped being a tenthly and became a twelfthly. Anyway, the little man who runs our computer tells us that if we call Volume 5, No. 1, June, instead of May, it will equalize things or something. So, June it is. Everybody who has signed up for six issues, or 12 issues, or 24 issues will get exactly that number, so what the hell. Besides, we were late anyway.

It has been a trifle lonely in the big brown building at 301 Broadway. Foreign Editor Robert Scheer and Consulting Editor Stan Sheinbaum went to Cambodia and picnicked on the "Ho Chi Minh Trail," which is about as much of a Viet Cong supply route as the La Brea Tar Pits. Travel Editor Gerry Feigen went to Haiti, and News Editor Dave Welsh was off to Spain. The rest of us stood on a corner watching all the girls go by.

The nice lady behind the cashier's cage in the Algonquin Hotel, where our editors dry-dock in Manhattan, was asked the other day about Ramparts. "Oh," she said, with a shock of recognition, "You mean that magazine put out by those destructive young men." Never has a truer thing been said about a bunch of five-year-olds. W.H.

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SOREL'S BESTIARY

The English Lapdog

NUMBER 4

[Canis Wilsonis]

Voted best-in-show in recent competition, the Pekinese, or English Lapdog, is a great favorite of toy dog fanciers both here and abroad. His performance at obedience trials before British trade unionists and American foreign policy makers has consistently earned him top scores when it comes to learning diplomatic tricks or obedience routines. The Peke has an almost human capacity to understand what is required of him. All this in spite of a low pedigree, early training at unfashionable, state-supported kennels and intimacy with unruly Bevan-ite breeds while still a puppy. The Lapdog's photogenic appearance (his white mane shows up beautifully on the telly) and his calculated, unthreatening bark (he never shows genuine emotion), do much to explain his present position of eminence in the canine world. Like most show dogs, he is continually sniffing at public opinion polls, and will enter into competition only when his keen sense of smell detects favorable conditions. Though not considered a good hunting dog by skilled Marx-men, he can be a good retriever for unprofitable industries. His superb performance in protecting black Rhodesians has proved he is in the great tradition of English botch dogs. When bothered by peace-ticks or red mites who get under his skin with questions about Vietnam, the English Lapdog merely rolls over and plays dead. ES

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Marginalia

Editorial:

THE LATERAL THESIS

THANKS TO Round Two of the Fulbright hearings, the U.S. role in Southeast Asia is now clear. The big issue is no longer Vietnam but China, and nobody should be surprised. A year ago at Johns Hopkins, President Johnson was explicit that China was behind it all. Dean Rusk has persisted with the Munich analogy, that Mao is Hitler. And Secretary McNamara testifies to China's inherent aggressiveness, his evidence being the Lin Piao statement of last September which he contends is the *Mein Kampf* of expansionist China.

What follows? The operating assumption in Washington is that confrontation with China is inevitable. It follows that the entire Southeast Asian peninsula must be secured as a military base for the eventuality of war with China.

For the time being, then, the war will not "escalate" as the term is generally understood. Rather, it is moving laterally. Already in Thailand we have 15,000 troops, to be doubled by the end of the year, and tripled within a year. Be not surprised that Thailand has been proclaimed as the next target; 75 percent of the bombing of North Vietnam and Laos is from U.S. bases in "independent" Thailand. From northeast Thailand a national liberation movement, communist supported, is spreading and is at about the 1959-1960 level of the Viet Cong in South Vietnam. But despite the message out of Honolulu, the U.S. response in Thailand is military to the tune of several hundred million dollars, with only $19 million being allocated for constructive aid.

Cambodia, too, will be "secured" in the lateral movement to make the peninsula a firm base. "Hot pursuit" after fleeing Viet Cong and PAVN (North Vietnamese) troops into Cambodia is now implemented U.S. policy. Worse, the U.S. military are pressuring to attack Cambodia because that country, it is alleged, serves as a major supply route and staging area for attacks in South Vietnam. Life magazine publishes as fact, without substantiation even from the Administration, that the "Ho Chi Minh trail" runs through Cambodia's Ratanakiri province. Business Week and the Herald Tribune immediately parrot the "official" Luce word. The American public is clearly being prepared for the move on Cambodia. [RAMPARTS, April 1966]

With the securing of the entire peninsula as the motive, such questions as Hanoi's preconditions for negotiations, or direct negotiations with the Viet Cong, or a coalition government in the South including communists—all recede into irrelevancy. If China is the threat, then our military must win in South Vietnam. And our military base there must not be permitted to exist in an environment unstable or unfriendly to this country.

The only relevant question, then, is how valid is the Administration's assumption that China is inherently aggressive. (Never forgetting, of course, that U.S. action based on that assumption—the presence of U.S. air bases in Thailand, for example—could actually provoke China.)

The National Liberation Front is, of course, receiving ideological support from Peking, but evidence of Chinese military equipment in South Vietnam has been established only in recent months, and only in limited amounts—long after we escalated the war by bombing North Vietnam and multiplying our troops tenfold or more. This, certainly, is not aggression. Dean Rusk's Munich analogy does not hold. There are no Chinese troops ready to march as Hitler's were; nor is there even the threat of their marching. Secretary McNamara points to the Lin Piao document as the final statement of Chinese aggressiveness, comparing it to *Mein Kampf*. But the RAND Corporation and even Joseph Alsop disagree. Peking will support, aid, and abet, but not a soldier from China will fight in someone else's national liberation movement. Lin Piao's statement is not the ranting of a madman who, like Hitler, actually did obtain control and follow through. It is a Communist Party document subject to shift and accommodation.

Apparently Johnson understands this better than his two secretaries. For it was he who introduced the phrase, "indirect external aggression," a reasonable interpretation of Lin Piao. This is the 1966 form of aggression that he gives hints of understanding, while his secretaries retain a fix on the 1938 Hitler-type aggression with marching troops.

And here lies the flaw of U.S. policy. The positive economic and social aid to South Vietnam was of such token amount that even Henry Cabot Lodge had to say after Honolulu: "The only people who have been doing anything for the little man at the grass roots (in Southeast Asia) have been the communists." All these years our policy has been negative and military, and the Administration shows no sign of changing course. Witness Thailand. Worse, witness Cambodia. A U.S. move against that peaceful country, where there is no internal discontent, will put us in the position of Mussolini invading Ethiopia.

The Administration is faced with two tasks: First, to prove its shaky assumption of China's aggressive intentions. And second, to respond realistically to the needs of the Vietnamese, the Thais and the Cambodians. To continue to base policy on anachronistic analogies is not only self-defeating; it is bloody.

Illustrations by Benedict Kocian

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Miscellany:

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS A GOOD GREEN RIOT

by James O'Connell

"WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS is a black version of St. Patrick's Day, say Blessed Martin De-Porres' Day, to be named after the Negro saint who lived in Peru five centuries ago. On that day, all the Negroes in America could drink toasts to what a grand people they are and to all the wonderful things they've given this nation. It could be a huge civic event, with a parade down Main Street and hawkers selling black strips of cloth to put in buttonholes to show you're "one of the boys." A truly great day for the "wearin' o' the black."

Why not? California recently approved a law stipulating that Negroes be depicted fairly in high school and elementary texts, not just as slaves. This isn't merely for the benefit of Negroes: not many whites are aware of the great contributions of colored Americans, like the invention of blood plasma. St. Marty's Day would be another fine way to instill ethnic pride.

St. Patrick's Day has probably done more than anything else to inculcate in the descendants of the sons of Erin a belief that their forbears were an industrious, law-abiding lot who overcame prejudice and injustice to take their rightful place in the melting pot. For example, Cardinal McIntyre. He doesn't take any back talk. He simply wants the Negroes to work hard like the people responsible for the Celtic blood flowing in his veins. But do they? NO! Right in Los Angeles, his domain, right in Southern California, the biggest riot in American history occurred. That's what Life magazine called Watts I—"The Biggest Riot in U.S. History."

It was, in fact, not quite the biggest, not by a few hundred lives. That distinction was won by New York Irishmen in four days of rioting in July of 1863. They killed or wounded 1,000 persons, caused at least $5 million damage and forced 10,000 troops to be withdrawn from the Army of the Potomac to quell the mob, weakening the Union forces and winning for the rioters the label of "Lee's Left Flank." Historians are in disagreement about the actual number of dead, but most would accept Allan Nevins' estimate of "in the hundreds."

The atrocities of that riot make Watts look like a minor skirmish: hospitals, churches, an orphans' home, and public buildings burned to the ground; an expectant mother ripped open; lynchings; and the two-day long death of a soldier whose still-breathing body was used as a target. No settling for molotov cocktails and a few sniper shots there!

The riots, if they get any mention at all in elementary and high school texts, are euphemistically called the Draft Riots because the spark that set them off was conscripted military service.

They are never called the "Irish Riots" because Irishmen also fought against the mob, and it is obvious that the people were rebelling against injustice. There were Negro cops in Watts and the injustice was obvious, but the riots are still called "Negro Riots." The draft, like the traffic ticket in Watts, was just the spark.

The Irish were victims of social injustice on an unprecedented scale, materially worse off than slaves. Housed in ghettos amid grinding poverty, they lashed out at symbolic targets, like the young toughs in Watts who yelled for "Whitey's" scalp. The targets of the riot were the homes of the wealthy on Lexington Avenue, and any Negroes unfortunate enough to wander into the path of the mob.

Irish troops fought with honor in the Civil War, having the finest record of any ethnic group in that conflict. They fought because the Army pay was steady, and to hold the Union together, not particularly to free the slaves. After all, the freed Negroes would come North, as those before them, and work as scabs on the docks, allowing the rich folks on Lexington Avenue to reap more profits so their sons could buy their way out of the Army.

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If Governor Brown wants textbooks that are honest, he should have this information in them. The Irish contribution wasn't all Father Duffy, the Kennedys and Eugene O'Neill. Theirs is the story of a crushed people struggling to keep alive and hold onto some dignity in an alien land ready to grab every shred of that dignity.

It was a chapter in American history that dwarfs in intensity the present civil rights "unrest." Demonstrations? Irishmen paraded by the hundreds of thousands against the unequal hiring policies of the American Protective Association. Tender feelings? Actors who portrayed Irishmen in an uncomplimentary role were hit with eggs. Violence? We already mentioned that, but the Molly Maguires, Irish minefield terrorists who regularly dropped scabs down the mine shafts, could be added to the roll. Demanding legislation to ensure equal job opportunities? Government power hadn't risen to those heights then and the idea probably never occurred to the Irish. Anyhow, once in any big city you could see your cousin and get on the police force.

Meeting injustices, organizing and taking power—this is the real contribution of the Irish to America. If there are damning marks on the record, it wasn't the riots or the Mollies, but the Irish tendency in their climb up the ladder of success in this country to step on the fingers of the man behind. Is it any wonder that San Francisco's Chinese became angered this year when they were ordered to conduct the Chinese New Year's Parade down Kearny St., which bears the same name as an Irishman, in the United States for two years, who demanded that the Chinese be kept out of California?

The Irishman had one big advantage over the Negro and the Chinese. Once he lost his accent, got decent clothes and took the clay pipe out of his mouth, his skin would take him anywhere. Even to Lexington Avenue. He soon forgot that one of the favorite sayings on America's Lexington avenues was: "An Irishman is only a nigger turned inside out."

James O'Connell is a veteran San Francisco newsman whose grandfather fought with the Irish troops in the American Civil War.

"We Mothers are fed up with Politicians and Presidents who preach Peace but practice War."

We do not want our sons to die for a corrupt Saigon regime whose own people do not support it.

We do not want our sons to kill women and children and to intervene in another people's civil war.

We do not want our sons to destroy a primitive country which does not threaten the U.S.A.

This is an election year.

Mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, cousins and aunts must convince candidates and Congressmen that we are angry and determined, as well as worried and scared.

We must convince Senators that we want their votes against escalation as well as their fine words about peaceful intentions.

We must use our ballots to show the President that the vast majority of American voters will back up a cease fire and realistic negotiations, so that the Vietnamese people can settle their own problems through free elections and our boys can come home.

IF YOU ARE FED UP TOO—JOIN A NATION-WIDE CAMPAIGN TO STOP THIS WAR

1. SIGN THIS VOTER'S PEACE PLEDGE AND MAIL IT TODAY. (We'll forward it to the co-ordinator working in your state.)
2. Send for more pledge cards and help collect signatures. (Dozens of organizations and thousands of people are cooperating to collect mountains of signed pledges.)

VOTER'S PEACE PLEDGE — a nationwide campaign

As a concerned American voter—

I pledge to vote for—**and only for**—those candidates who agree to dedicate their efforts—

- to stop sending American boys to kill and be killed in Vietnam.
- to stop the bombing and the military build-up.
- to urge a realistic role for the National Liberation Front (Vietcong) in peace talks and in planning Vietnamese elections.
- to stop spending for wars against people, use the money for wars on poverty, disease, and inequality.

I believe the true national interests of my country can best be served by ending the war in Vietnam now.

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Name (print)_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

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Send me_____ copies of the Voter's Pledge. I enclose $_____ to support this campaign. Please send me more information about the Voter's Pledge Campaign ☐ About Vietnam ☐ About Women for Peace ☐.

(Checks payable to Women Strike for Peace)

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Colloquy:

by Nicholas Samstag

"Does the U.S. know more about selling than any other country?"

"Yes."

"Than Russia or China?"

"Yes."

"Isn't selling the same thing as propaganda?"

"I guess so."

"Then why can't we sell the neutrals our way of life?"

"I don't know why."

"Is our way of life the best in the world?"

"Yes."

"Best for everybody—not just for us?"

"Yes."

"Then why won't the neutrals buy it?"

"I don't know."

"Maybe we don't know more about selling and propaganda than any other country."

"Maybe."

"Maybe our way of life is only best for us."

"Maybe."

"Well, then, why don't we let the neutrals develop their own ways of life in their own way?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I do."

"Then—why?"

"Because we're stronger than anybody else."

"Are we?"

"I don't know."

Opinion:

BISHOP SHEEN AND THE GREAT CHARITY HOAX

by James F. Colaianni

A SKINNY, POTBELLIED CHILD squatting in some faraway land before an earthen hovel—how often have you seen this picture? How many times have you been asked by religious charities to "save this child?"

One of the grandest of these charities is the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, an agency of the Catholic Church run by the Vatican's Roman Curia (an assembly of Cardinal-bureaucrats answerable only to the Pope). The Congregation collects millions of dollars every year, ostensibly to help the world's poor, sick and underprivileged—and it is probably one of the great charity frauds of all time.

"The Congregation," said the Most Reverend Joseph Kiwanuka, archbishop of Rubaga, in Uganda, "has deliberately frustrated our efforts to improve the living conditions of our people. They are selfish and corrupt—17th century Italians who are trying to live in the modern world. All you have to do is go to Rome and you can see that the Roman Curia is a corrupt organization."

The soft-spoken Kiwanuka, one of the ranking deans of the Church's African hierarchy, is one of 35 bishops interviewed by Catholic lay theologian Don Waite during the past eight months in Africa, India and Latin America. They were almost unanimous in affirming that the money seldom, if ever, arrives where it is needed.

Don Waite went to Kisii, Kenya, in June 1965, to serve as a lay missionary under Bishop Maurice Otunga. Fresh from intensive theological studies at the University of San Francisco and Loyola University, his six months of travel to over 200 mission stations in five East African countries came as a rude shock. So did his few weeks in Rome with Bishop Otunga during the Vatican Council.

"You can't believe the human misery and frustration until you see it, and smell it, first hand," says Waite. "It wasn't long before one particular odor became dominant: I was smelling a rat. All my life I have been exposed to the Propagation of the Faith fund-raising propaganda—pamphlets, magazines, leaflets, sermons, advertisements—begging for money 'for the missions,' 'to help the poor.'" I knew what he meant. Most American Catholics are familiar with the Bishop Fulton J. Sheen-type appeals. Every year Sheen's New York office (the Congregation's United States subdivision) grinds out millions of pamphlets and magazines depicting human misery in far-off places; pictures of lepers, of African children with stomachs bloated from worms and malnutrition, of little bare chests on which one can literally count the ribs. One such appeal (Mission, July–August, Fulton J. Sheen, Ed.) speaks of "our first obligation to the poor" and asks, "Won't you share your abundance with the hundreds, thousands, millions throughout the world who have no one else who cares?"

Sheen uses every motivating technique known to Madison Avenue, but the pitiful requests from Africans, Latin Americans and Indians are probably the most effective. From Africa: "At times our mission children exist for days on some roots collected in the bush." From the Congo: "The present orphanage is meant for only 12 children, but we have 102. They sleep in classrooms." From Brazil: "The Brazilian boys are posed in front of their *home* (picture of four dark-skinned boys in front of a hovel unfit for animals). Since their fathers earn only 50 cents a day, they consider themselves lucky to have even this, for some of their companions sleep under bridges."

Waite calls it fraud. Of the 35 bishops he talked to about this, 15 were stationed in Africa, 12 in India and eight in Latin America. Thirty-four expressed disgust over the disparity between the

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Congregation's propaganda and performance. They agreed that the one thing the Congregation does *not* do is help poor people.The 35th bishop declined to comment.

"THESE PRELATES are disgusted because they feel their people are being *used*, not only by the Roman directors of the Congregation, but especially by the director of the Congregation's United States agency—Bishop Sheen. They know that very little of the millions of dollars collected every year by Bishop Sheen's office ever reaches the poor.

When Waite showed Bishop Otunga some typical Sheen fund-raising pamphlets, the bishop smiled—he had seen them before, and others like them. Then he said, "Rome doesn't even send enough money to this diocese in a year to buy the gasoline for my car to help me maintain some semblance of contact with the people I am committed to serve." No money earmarked for the poor, he said, has ever come into his 10,000 square mile diocese. He recalls the time he traveled all the way to New York City to make a personal plea for funds to help him in his efforts to relieve the suffering of his people whose wretched living conditions are accurately described in Sheen's literature and sermons. "Bishop Sheen sent me away with one second-hand suit he thought might fit me—I gave it to an American priest."

Waite visited 223 African mission stations. In every case but one the story was the same: "We have never received any money from the Congregation—directly or indirectly—to help the poor, or even to help support ourselves." The one exception was a leprosarium in Uganda. The directress, Sister Mary Alcantra, told Waite of the time Bishop Sheen visited her mission. "He put a hundred dollar bill in my hand," she said tearfully, "and gave me instructions to use it to purchase band instruments." The plain fact is that the sister receives no support whatsoever from the Congregation, which habitually claims leprosariums as objects of its charity. One Sheen brochure, attached to a donation envelope, reads: "This little envelope is a Hand . . . the Hand of a nun wiping leprous sores." Sister Alcantra cried because her entire support (never enough to meet the barest necessities) depends upon what she and her colleagues can beg from their friends in England. According to Waite, she too is "thoroughly disgusted with the agencies within her church which collect funds in the name of her patients, and then fail to deliver."

One missionary priest Waite talked to wondered why the Sheen pamphlets print photographs of human misery obtained from commercial photo services. "Perhaps it is easier to take pictures from a file than to see the problems first hand," the priest said.

Father H. Bisschop asked Waite, in Myabondo, to "please tell the people in the United States how they are being defrauded by the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. Their money does not help the poor African. I work as a missionary. I try to help with what I have. I spend most of my time sculpting images of my people. Fortunately, I am able to sell some and use the money to help a little."

It is difficult to estimate the amount collected each year. Vatican bureaus never publish balance sheets or operating statements. But a highly placed Catholic priest reported, in a publication of the World Council of Churches, that in 1962 the Congregation received over $36 million in contributions. No suggestion was made as to the size of the fund itself. Rumors place it at over $1 billion. Various estimates of total Vatican wealth stagger the imagination. The Economist, a British publication, put the total at $5.6 billion—in negotiable securities alone.

The consequences of corruption at the top reach far—right down to the missions themselves. One common practice in African missions is the "ticket system," the practice of teaching the natives about the "necessity" of the Sacraments of Penance (confession) and Baptism and then issuing tickets to be punched upon payment of fees when the sacramental rites have been performed. Priests tell the natives to come for confession three times a year, at 1½ shillings each for adults (about three days pay), ½ shilling each for children. Baptisms cost three shillings for children; ten shillings for adults (with food, 15 shillings).

But baptisms are not the only merchandising activity of mission priests. Waite says it is common for priests to sell the used clothing shipped to missions by American bishops after their annual Thanksgiving Day drive. Waite concedes that for many of these priests the "ticket system" and sale of Thanksgiving clothes are often their only means of survival, given what he calls "the Vatican's fantastic multi-billion dollar hoard."

In 1965, Congregation officials in Rome guided the construction of a million dollar seminary in Nairobi to completion. The construction of this elaborate edifice was conceived and implemented without prior consultation with the African hierarchy, who cannot understand how such a project could have been undertaken in the midst of the stark human misery in East Africa. A preliminary cost estimate even extolled the advantages of "cheap" African labor. The Congregation's "we help the poor" propaganda became still more incredible when the seminary, with a capacity of 225 students, began to function with a roster of only 33. Students began their studies for the priesthood with nothing to read, because the Congregation had neglected to put books in the library. "The building is very nice but it has nothing to do with the real needs of our people," Bishop Otunga told Waite. "Some of my priests live in dung huts and the people they try to serve are even worse off. Roman grandeur has no meaning for us. I would have preferred a very modest accommodation." He paused, then added: "With books."

Editors Note: At the request of Bishop Otunga, Mr. Waite has prepared a ten-year plan of assistance to the poor of the diocese of Kisii, in agricultural development, hygiene and baby care. It has received the enthusiastic endorsement of the Kenya government. Tom J. Mboya, Minister of Economic Planning and Development, and Lawrence Sagini, Minister of Local Government, are members of the Waite project's board of directors. All they need is the money which Waite is now trying to raise in the United States. If he gets the money (Bishop Sheen won't even discuss it with him), he plans to return to Kenya with his wife and two children, and a staff of volunteers, to put the program into action. His address is Impact, Box 722, Berkeley, California.

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Letters:

BALLADS TO THE GREEN BERET

SIRS:

I found Master Sgt. Duncan's article [February 1966] very disturbing and I am looking into the matter.

JACOB K. JAVITS
United States Senate, New York

SIRS:

I loathe and detest anything even remotely pinko, bolshevik, commie, so-called "liberal," or red by any other name.

Stay away from me! I'm an AMERICAN.

PHILIP K. FIFE, M/Sgt. USAF Ret.
Washington, D.C.

SIRS:

I have to write you right now because I know I will not get much sleep until I do. The entire February issue in general, and the Duncan article in particular, was sheer magnificence. It was like having one's soul massaged.

The traditional national boasting about freedom of speech is quite meaningless, of course, for true freedom of speech does not exist where one has not achieved freedom of thought. Soren Kierkegaard said it best: "People hardly ever make use of the freedom they have, for example, freedom of thought; instead they demand freedom of speech as a compensation."

Please convey my heartiest congratulations and deepest thanks to Donald Duncan and tell him for me that if he is ever in need of anything—an arm, a leg, a roof over his head or a friend who will stand by him *anywhere*, in *any* manner, at *any* time, he has but to contact me. As a 40-year-old Navy combat veteran of World War II and Korea (11 battle stars and two citations) who has been over the same painful route that he has, Don has my unqualified vote as top man on anybody's totem pole. Secondly, if you have such a thing as a Lifetime Subscriber's List, please do me a great honor and place my name at the head of the list in capital letters.

DAVE GOODE
Manchester, Connecticut

SIRS:

My wife and I congratulate Mr. Duncan on his courage and conscience. It is fortunate that there are Roman Catholics who cannot be destroyed when they speak against evil policies by being labeled "Communist."

DONALD & EUNICE ARMSTRONG
Scarborough-on-Hudson, New York

SIRS:

In my daily paper I read the synopsis of an article in your magazine by a Sgt. Donald Duncan, a squealer.

If this man is not guilty of sedition and punished for it, then I need to buy a new dictionary or throw my present one away, as the definition reads: "Incitement of discontent or rebellion against the government; action or language promoting such discontent or rebellion."

ANDREW H. TREFFS
Tucson, Arizona

SIRS:

Congratulations on your publication of the Duncan article. It will be interesting to watch the American hawks trying to down this without choking.

JAMES R. ANDERSON
New Haven, Connecticut

SIRS:

I have just finished "The whole thing was a lie!" by Donald Duncan. Great. I wish to commend Mr. Duncan for exposing the Special Forces myth. While attached to the 8th SFG in the Canal Zone from August 1964 to August 1965 I had the opportunity to witness first hand the guerrilla combat techniques of this elite (?) unit. Under close scrutiny it becomes obvious that there is more than a little truth in the jokingly used term, "Special Farces."

No doubt the officials in the military and political establishment will claim Mr. Duncan has been subtly brainwashed. If these very officials made a practice of cleansing their brains as regularly as the other parts of the body, their untenable position would have been seen and avoided long ago.

ROBERT C. DINWIDDIE
Montevallo, Alabama

OAKLAND AND OASES

SIRS:

As if the Vietnam sergeant wasn't enough, the Oakland section was Pulitzer Prize material. You gents are so delightfully non-Manhattanish.

NAT FREEDLAND
New York City

SIRS:

Your article on Oakland [February 1966] does a fine job of exposing the character of the Oakland power structure. The analysis of the forces opposing that structure, however, is less than accurate.

The section "Guerrilla Warfare," typified by its first subtitle "Elly Harawitz Strikes Back," completely misrepresents what is happening in the Oakland community by summing up the Movement just as Houlihan sums it up: as the work of "Berkeley radicals and outside agitators." The only difference is that he thinks we're bad guys and you think we're good guys.

To clarify certain points: first, the Welfare Rights Organization is not "Elly Harawitz' organization." It is of, as well as for, the people on welfare. It is not a glorified social work agency; it is the effort of people to fight together, for their own rights.

If the opposition force just consisted of the East Oakland Parish ministers, the good realtor Arlene Slaughter and myself, we wouldn't have a fighting chance. There is, however, a fighting chance, because there is a growing force in opposition to the miserable living conditions in Oakland, comprised of the people themselves, and it is the only force capable of bringing change.

ELLY HARAWITZ
Oakland, California

SIRS:

I consider RAMPARTS to be quite sane and sensible—sort of an oasis in a kooky world.

MRS. BARBARA STONE
Montrose, California

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SIRS:

In your March issue, on page 23, is the reproduction of an engraving of the large painting of John Brown being led to execution, by my grandfather, the late Thomas Satterwhite Noble. The original is now in the New York Historical Society, where I placed it in memory of my grandparents, in the name of their children, some years ago. They also have my grandfather's "*Witch Hill*," reproduced in *Life* magazine some years ago, showing the ancestress of the artist, Elizabeth Nourse, who posed for this painting by her teacher, being led to her hanging in Salem. The stories behind these and other of Noble's paintings are of interest, as he was an artist of protest and a champion of human rights, as well as a great teacher and fine artist.

MRS. WILLIAM M. GARRETSON
Scarsdale, New York

SIRS:

I would like to begin this letter with a compliment, but as much as I have tried I find it impossible.

DOUGLAS KENNEDY
Berkeley, California

SIRS:

The caricature of Goldberg [RAMPARTS, March 1966] by Edward Sorel is one of the wittiest and most devastating satires I have ever come across. It is indeed a classic in American political cartoons.

In these times, in which serious political questions permeate our thinking, we often forget that a sense of humor is a valuable asset. Mr. Sorel has reminded us of this, I believe, in an unforgettable way.

MICHAEL H. AGRANOFF
New York City

A REAL HEINZ 57

SIRS:

gleason in the march mag was groovy. anyone who cant trip with dylan is a real heinz 57.
you guys at ramparts are the most. (you probably all turn on.)

CAPTAIN MARVEL AND THE MOTHA
Des Moines, Iowa

SIRS:

Is Ralph Gleason really the nom-de-plume of Ralph Edwards? "The Children's Crusade" reads so much like the old "This Is Your Life" shows. Or maybe it's just the Oral Roberts' testimonial at the top that threw me.

Anyway, I get the feeling that you people are out to do in Bob Dylan. How can we believe in him if he will sit still for a lathering like this? Don Quixote of the neon jungle lends a helping hand to Louella Hopper and once again the old Dragon scoops Her crummy rivals.

Is Dylan a poet? Is Mortimer Snerd a poet? Nearly every three-year-old I know can quote some lines of Mother Goose, but no one I know claims Mother Goose is poetry—or that *they* wrote it. Come to think of it, maybe Ginsberg would. He claims to be God's bookkeeper.

WILLIAM J. SOLLNER
Lawrence, Kansas

SIRS:

I thought he was a drag. I still do.

STEPHAN A. TUCHMAN
New York City

SIRS:

Someone recently described Ralph J. Gleason as "a 48-year-old schizophrenic —potentially harmless, mind you—who can't decide whether to split himself into three 16-year-olds or four 12-year-olds." This appears to be corroborated in his piece on Bob Dylan [RAMPARTS, March 1966].

I don't know if down deep Mr. Gleason really wants to turn, turn, turn into a one-man rock 'n roll band.

ARNOLD PASSMAN
San Francisco, California

SIRS:

Fault finding has never been difficult for anyone and never so lucrative for anyone as for Mr. Dylan.

In Cosmopolitan magazine Mr. Dylan explained that his idea of a sexually stimulating woman was one who was very dirty. He prefers body odor to perfumes and dirt to cleanliness and does not like shaved legs and underarms. Is this a thoughtful, sincere man, or a rebel against society for no cause except fame and fortune?

I suggest that he is the greatest evil of our age and that he, and people like him, will destroy, with one song, what a million men have built through work and love.

MRS. R. C. KAUFMAN
Olympia, Washington

JUST TO CLARIFY

SIRS:

I would like to make clear what your article [RAMPARTS, April 1966] does not make clear, that I was never connected in any capacity with the Michigan State University Group in Saigon. I was a Smith-Mundt Professor of American Literature at the University of Saigon and it was only coincidental that my home professorship was at Michigan State University.

ADRIAN JAFFE
Professor of English and
Comparative Literature, MSU

SIRS:

In your very interesting article on Michigan State University you misquote me slightly and misunderstand me seriously.

It is true that I have repeatedly referred to similarities between this university and the Soviet Union. But in doing this I have never argued that MSU is a police state *en miniature*. As a giant administrative machinery seeking to deal with (or "process") something like 35,000 adolescents and young adults, this university may indeed be tempted at times to bring out the cops. But I think that this feature is negligible. Moreover, even in the Soviet Union it has been receding in the last ten years or more.

My comparisons focus, instead, on the thoroughly bureaucratic nature of both systems; and the reasons why I choose MSU as the referend is because my students are familiar with it. When I talk to professional soldiers, I compare the USSR to an army post; and when I talk to businessmen, I compare it to large corporations or to company towns. These are all complex administrative organizations with structural and functional similarities.

In order to appreciate fully the context within which I make these comparisons, I suggest you read my recent book, *The Soviet Political System*, Random House, 1965.

ALFRED G. MEYER
Professor of Political Science, MSU

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J.William Fulbright

A Profile in Courage

"Let us ever discriminate between fable and truth, and keep our minds in the same subjection with respect to whatever surprises and astonishes us, as to whatever appears perfectly conformable to their circumscribed and narrow views." —*Voltaire*

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[The Time and the Place]

AMERICA HAD ENTERED THE THIRD DECADE of the era of the Cold War. In response to the challenges, real or imagined, of the past 20 years, America had created the most powerful military-industrial system the world had ever known. It flexed its muscles and the rest of the world looked with awe upon the enormous power and versatility of the young colossus. It was not just that the American military had planted its impressive installations in every corner of the world. Americans had also demonstrated their finesse in the arts of international persuasion and influence. Americans spread out all over the world. Whether it was a CIA agent subverting an established government in Latin America or a Peace Corps volunteer showing a peasant in Afghanistan how to purify his drinking water, Americans were leaving their imprint everywhere.

But power does not always have its way. It atrophies from misuse and from insensitivity to the surroundings in which it is applied. It was to have been the "American Century," but something went wrong. Somehow at the beginning of the third decade of Cold War, with American power at its pinnacle, the gears no longer meshed. The machine began to break down.

The crisis for American power stemmed from the desire of other peoples to make their own histories and revolutions. Because America itself had begun to lose hope in new beginnings, it defined the world in such a way as to preclude the possibility of a popular revolution for others. But the crisis was due also to the domestic habits and attitudes developed during 20 years of Cold War. A myth became dogma: that communism, the unchangeable, aggressive enemy, must be fought everywhere if American well-being and security were to be ensured.

War requires a rigid system of political priorities, and the Cold War imposed such a system on America. The name of the system was the bipartisan consensus. The minimum condition for inclusion in the system was the acceptance of America's Cold War mission, a posture that for 20 years had gone virtually unchallenged.

American liberalism might have stimulated debate and consideration of alternative policies, but from the beginning the liberals chose to move with the consensus. The liberals, who might have challenged the consensus who might have refused to serve power, were instead excited by the lure of power and the chance to be party to big, history-making decisions.

DURING THOSE YEARS of Cold War there were sufficient warnings. Even President Eisenhower, sounding like C. Wright Mills, warned Americans of the danger of allowing the Cold War to become institutionalized and the danger of the military-industrial complex that these institutions had spawned. But the drift continued. In 1960 a young man came to the White House with a sense of history and style, and liberals flocked to the seat of power hoping that their pragmatism had paid off. It was a pleasant interlude, with intimations of possible change. But fate soon put a Texan in the White House to resolve all doubts in favor of the Cold War verities. And one day America woke up to find itself bogged down in a senseless and brutal war in a small Asian country.

Many persisted in seeing that war as an unfortunate aberration, as an accident that America had stumbled into and was now perpetuating only because of the special obtuseness of the Texan in the White House. But it was not an aberration. The Texan was the very embodiment of the consensus. His almost religious compulsiveness in pursuing the elusive victory in Asia was, like Captain Ahab's pursuit of the white whale, consistent with the dominant American political character. He and his mates, Rusk and Humphrey, could tell their critics with some justification that they were merely acting on the basis of assumptions that had guided the American ship of state for the past 20 years.

Style, too, had helped to define the consensus. The dominant political style still stressed the importance of working from within, of not rocking the boat, of muted debate that scarcely questioned basic assumptions. Congress, having long ago acquiesced in the new style, had been transformed into a transmission belt instead of a center of debate.

What was desperately needed was someone of importance and influence to break with the system and propose alternatives that challenged the Cold War assumptions.

That was what J. William Fulbright did at a time when events were spiraling almost out of control. At a time when most people were still playing the consensus game according to the rules, Fulbright stepped dramatically forward and went into political opposition to voice unspeakable thoughts about American foreign policy. It was a crucial moment in American history. The country was being stampeded into a war with China. American values were being distorted. Someone had to step forward. This is his story.

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FOR eleven extraordinary afternoons this winter, out of the same little box that fouls American living rooms with Peyton Place and old Tom Mix movies, flickered the grim visage of the high priest of intellectuality of the Senate of the United States. Taciturn yet righteous, affable yet obviously frustrated, fidgeting under the kleig lights, J. William Fulbright of Arkansas had taken to television, and daytime television at that, to lecture the President of the United States, the secretary of state, the secretary of defense, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Congress, the Washington press corps, and some 23 million housewives in various stages of undress and comeliness, on the consummate madness of American foreign policy in Asia.

It was a difficult and no doubt disagreeable experience for the senator. A Southerner who maintains his gentle native mountain mannerisms, Fulbright is a conservative, modern-day patrician, who shuns the limelight and would no more grab for newspaper space than a fork at dinner. A serious scholar learned in history and law, he was prepared, by training, to be rather the sage of the Establishment than its gadfly.

But there he was, the afternoon soap operas and middle-brow quiz shows suspended, his shell-rim glasses riding down his nose, peering with a winsome gaze into the cameras hastily installed in the hearing room of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The red eye on the cameras went on and the Arkansas senator began a historic series of hearings in which he questioned the legitimacy of United States interests in Asia, the logic and indeed the rationality of a fellow Southerner and Rhodes scholar, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, and impugned the honesty and at times seemed quizzical about the sanity of the Asian policies of his old friend and political colleague, Lyndon Baines Johnson.

It was not a mark of his personality, but rather a quirk of American history at mid-century, that cast Senator Fulbright in the role of dissenter. Fulbright, the conservative, the Southern Democrat who knew well the traditions and the prerogatives of consensus politics, had broken with his reserved style of operating and had taken the lead in a bitchy, quixotical and perhaps hopeless fight to limit America's Empire abroad.

In what must have seemed an unsettling historical irony to the conservative Fulbright, his foils were those populists, Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey, the men of the people turned Empire builders. They used the satisfying and inspiring prosody of American populism to justify the slaughter, in the name of democracy, of a yellow people removed from America and its democratic traditions, not only by thousands of miles and a great ocean, but by centuries of an alien culture. In the unsettling politics of the Cold War consensus, the liberal democrats of his party and the conservatives of the opposition party had formed an alliance whose unquestioned assumptions seemed to be moving America inexorably and without any significant debate towards the military occupation of Asia and impending war with China.

Not only did Senator Fulbright decide to break with this consensus, but he chose to use his great public presence to legitimize criticism of the war, and in so doing the man from Arkansas found himself, unexpectedly, in the mainstream of native American radicalism.

SENATOR FULBRIGHT'S ACT must be couched within the twin cycles of penance and redemption. For it was Fulbright, more than any other man, who was responsible for the Senate's perfunctory passage of the Tonkin Gulf Resolution — a legislative blank check upon which the President has drawn as if there were a run on the bank.

International incidents, taken as a category of events, often possess ludicrous qualities. But the Gulf of Tonkin

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incident went beyond the ludicrous to the phantasmagorial. Fulbright's later anguish at having given Johnson sanction to "take all necessary steps" in what proved to be a full-scale, undeclared war is most understandable in view of what now appears to be the unreal nature of the events of Tonkin Gulf in August of 1964.*

In late July of 1964, a brash, moustachioed South Vietnamese Air Force commander, Nguyen Cao Ky, boasted to a New York Times correspondent that the Air Force, led by himself, had dropped "combat teams" inside North Vietnam three years before, well before the heralded "infiltration" of North Vietnamese combat units into South Vietnam. Ky's American advisor, Air Force General Joseph H. Moore, tried to shut him up. Moore, according to the same correspondent, suggested that Commander Ky "did not have a complete command of English and might be misinterpreting questions." But Ky unabashedly admitted that he had flown a combat mission in North Vietnam recently, and that the United States was training South Vietnamese pilots for "large-scale" attacks. This was in absolute contradiction to American policy at the time, and remains an embarrassing disclosure in view of the State Department's insistence that it was the *North* which extended the war.

Then the strange chronology that was later to hound Fulbright unfolded: On July 31 and August 1, South Vietnamese commandos, under cover of a naval barrage, attacked the North Vietnamese islands of Hon Me and Hon Ngu in the Gulf of Tonkin. The destroyer U.S.S. Maddox was either 30 miles away from North Vietnamese territory at the time (according to the State Department) or ten miles away (according to Admiral Robert B. Moore) or three miles away laying the barrage (other sources). At any rate, the next morning the Maddox, in official Navy language, "became aware" that three PT boats were trailing it. After several hours, according to Time magazine, the Maddox fired "three warning shots across their bows," a difficult feat of gunmanship since the PT boats were due astern. "Warning shots" haven't meant anything but a serious shoot-out since the days of Hornblower, and after a futile exchange of torpedoes and shells, the ships went their own ways.

The next incident, two days later, had Hornblowerian qualities bordering on the epic. The Pentagon account of the "attack" at high sea on August 4 had even William F. Buckley Jr. shaking his head in incredulity: a group of North Vietnamese PT boats sought out destroyers of the United States Seventh Fleet at the outrageous distance of 65 miles at sea, and, after cruising near the U.S. warships for three hours, launched a three-hour major sea battle in rough seas and bad weather during which no damage or evidence of the attack was recorded by U.S. vessels. Two PT boats were reported sunk. But there were no survivors and no debris collected from the torpedo boats, and sailors aboard the U.S. destroyers, to this day, are under strict orders not to talk about the incident. The North Vietnamese government said the incident simply never occurred, and as Washington pundit James Reston mused why North Vietnam would dispatch hit-and-run torpedo boats to prompt a three-hour sea engagement that could only give an enormous propaganda advantage to the United States, American planes began bombing North Vietnam in a "retaliatory action" that has been continuing, in mounting intensity, to this very day.

The ghostly action at Tonkin Gulf proved of extreme utility. Americans always unite when attacked, even in miniature, and Johnson rushed into Congress a resolution that made a national cause of a distant war of heretofore uncertain motivation.

The bizarre detail and doubtful legitimacy of the alleged events in Tonkin Bay are important. They evoked in Senator Fulbright a skepticism about the accuracy of government pronouncements. He was to conclude, later, that the Administration was lying not only to the public, but also to him, and probably even to itself.

But in August of 1964 the senator from Arkansas had other considerations on his mind. He was consumed with the fear of a strong Goldwater showing in the coming presidential election. Goldwater, to Fulbright, represented the very antithesis of rationality. And reason, to Fulbright, is everything — the golden rule, the means, the end. The Arkansas scholar recoils from missionaries and visionaries — his style is facts first; from the facts he will reason, usually slowly, to a conclusion, even if the conclusion proves opposite to a position he previously held.

When he dwelled, sometime later, on the facts of the Tonkin Gulf incidents, he was mortified. He retracted his earlier stance and made his public *mea culpa* on a national television show: "I have to say to myself," he said in the dull, almost toneless drawl that can empty the Senate galleries, "that I have played a part in that that I am not at all proud of, that at the time of the Bay of Tonkin I should have had greater foresight in the consideration of the resolution. That would have been

*We are indebted to Professor H. Bruce Franklin of Stanford University for his thorough research on the Tonkin Gulf incident.

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a good time to have precipitated a debate and a re-examination, a re-evaluation of our involvement . . . I went along with the urging, I must say, of the Administration . . . I made the mistake . . ."

Fulbright's failure to recognize the significance of the Tonkin resolution bothers him all the more because it was not just a case of mistaken fact; it embodied a fundamental error of judgment. The Arkansas senator had set up an arbitrary polarity — Goldwater was the madman, Johnson the man of reason. Anything he might do to split the party, asserting his prerogatives as the Senate watchdog of foreign policy, picking apart the Tonkin resolution, might aid Goldwater. Besides, and this is where Fulbright now realizes he made his greatest miscalculation, the senator from Arkansas put his trust in the former senator from Texas. The two men were long-time friends, their wives even closer. Fulbright had supported Johnson against Kennedy for the Democratic nomination in 1960, and Johnson had let it be known that he felt Fulbright would have been the best choice for Kennedy's secretary of state. Fulbright viewed Johnson as a humane, intelligent and dynamic man and believed the President when he said he had no desire to widen the war and would use his mandate moderately.

WHAT FULBRIGHT DID NOT foresee, indeed, could not foresee, was what the frustrations and the temptations of the Vietnam war would do to Mr. Johnson. Where Johnson's attributes served him admirably in domestic politics — they became monstrous in foreign affairs, outside his native milieu. His humaneness turned easily to self-righteousness, his intelligence to scheming, his dynamism to impulsiveness. Johnson as a congressman and senator was always an active proponent of a massive and growing military establishment, a firm advocate of quick and effective retaliation against any "enemy" who might dare to cross America's path. When the sticky Vietnam situation proved infinitely more complex than getting a housing bill through Congress, Johnson became increasingly frustrated, acting out of instinct to punish those who thwarted him. The punishment went, necessarily, to the Vietnamese people.

Johnson assumed a public posture of moderation and patience, but his quiet, deliberate words clashed with his deeds. His pledge to Fulbright to not act rashly proved empty. And Fulbright could only reluctantly conclude that the frustrations of Vietnam were depriving Lyndon Johnson of his rationality.

THE TELEPHONE RANG AT 10:45 A.M. in Senator Fulbright's private office in the sterile new Senate Office Building. He was reading a book taken from the low bookcases that line his walls. He picked up the receiver with a gesture indicating distaste. Telephones are for activists, for operators; Fulbright prefers quiet, leisurely conversations over dinner with intellectual equals. The call was from the White House. The familiar voice with the soft flow of the Pedernales River was coming over the wire: "Ah'm sho glad to have got yo' advaas, Bill."

The President of the United States talked on at the other end of the wire, but the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee was barely listening. It was a conversation he had heard too often. The senator listened politely until the President was through, then said goodbye and hung up. The call was put through to thank Fulbright for sending over a memorandum prepared by his staff. Fulbright had substituted memos for frequent calls at the White House. The President had dominated their conversations, scarcely allowing Fulbright the chance to say hello, and Fulbright had simply tired of listening to him. Now another long mimeographed memo, Fulbright knew, had already been filed in key wastebaskets at State. He was certain the President had paid no attention to the ideas contained in the memo — fresh, challenging, dissenting ideas. Fulbright had, over the years, carefully built up his staff as a grove of academe in the briar patches of Washington officialdom. But the people at State and the new breed in the White House paid only polite, perfunctory notice to their work. The yahoos were riding high in the saddle: Dean Rusk, who gave Fulbright shivers, had out-hawked Secretary of Defense McNamara and roosted behind the President's ear. Rusk's hard line for Asia was backed by Walt Rostow, then chairman of the Policy Planning Council, recently moved into the White House; and for South America by Thomas Mann, a tough-minded Texan who as Johnson's assistant secretary of state for Latin America had scrapped the official Kennedy policy of support for constitutional democratic regimes and initiated a junta hunt; and by George Ball, the undersecretary of state and guardian of the status quo in European affairs.

As chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, Fulbright did not seek to impose his predilections on the Administration's foreign policy priesthood, but only to see that this priesthood was not unduly burdened with dogma. Unquestioned dogma, Fulbright knew, can lead to fanaticism. But his patient efforts to

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dispel dogma met with growing frustration. It was apparent in his remarkable 1964 speech, "Old Myths and New Realities," when he expressed publicly for the first time some of the apprehensions he felt about the conduct of U.S. diplomacy. He said, "There has always — and inevitably — been some divergence between the realities of foreign policy and our ideas about it. This divergence has in certain respects been growing, rather than narrowing; and we are handicapped, accordingly, by policies based on old myths, rather than current realities. This divergence is, in my opinion, dangerous and unnecessary — dangerous, because it can reduce foreign policy to a fraudulent game of imagery and appearances; unnecessary, because it can be overcome by the determination of men in high office to dispel prevailing misconceptions by the candid dissemination of unpleasant, but inescapable facts."

"I HAVE A FEW DOUBTS, GENTLEMEN." Seth Tillman, Fulbright's speech writer and intellectual confidant, looked up. When the senator said he had a "few doubts" it could mean a major policy decision was forthcoming. Fulbright had asked Tillman and other members of the inner circle of his Foreign Relations Committee staff to gather in a Washington restaurant for a late lunch. It was a Saturday afternoon in August of 1965. The men did not realize it at the time, but they were to participate in a fundamental decision that would, in the field of foreign policy, make their staff the closest thing to a shadow cabinet the United States has known.

The issue was the Dominican Republic. The Foreign Relations Committee had been holding hearings behind closed doors for weeks, and the testimony was both disturbing and dismaying — so dismaying that the senators on the committee had become divided over what should be said to the public, and it was apparent that no report would be issued. So Fulbright had to decide if he should speak out; this was a most serious and anguished decision, for in order to speak at all candidly about the Administration's action in the Dominican Republic it was necessary to infer that the President of the United States was lying.

It was the lying, the reckless fabrications uncovered in the Dominican hearings that so stunned and horrified Fulbright. When pro-Bosch Army officers began the revolt, the Administration said it was sympathetic to the democratic aims of the revolution, but in reality acted from the outset to prevent a rebel victory. When the Marines landed in Santo Domingo, Johnson said they were there to protect endangered American citizens, yet the Marines' real mission was to aid the right-wing anti-rebel forces. When this became apparent, the Administration justified its action by releasing fantastic stories about rebel atrocities — Johnson stated there were "1000 to 1500 bodies that are dead in the streets," a body count that later shrunk to six. Then it was announced that the rebel forces were dominated by communists — and listed, in an accounting reminiscent of the late junior senator from Wisconsin, exactly 53 communists. And when even this number was discredited, Secretary of State Rusk solemnly reminded the nation that there was a time when only "seven people" sat in a beer hall with Hitler, and Secretary Mann volunteered, "Look at Cuba. There were only 12 people in the beginning, and yet they took it over."

Fulbright, though outraged by the deceptions he uncovered, did not act impetuously. This Saturday afternoon meeting had been preceded by many other lengthy consultations with his staff — all directed at one question: should Fulbright publicly expose the hypocrisy of the Administration? To do so would not only embarrass his party and his old friend the President, but would effectively cut the senator off from the White House. That meant a break with the Senate traditions that Fulbright so cherished. It meant taking the case for rationality to the people in a struggle that was certain to be argumentative, confusing and costly to the careers of those involved.

Seth Tillman looked across the table at Fulbright and realized that the senator had made up his mind. He had stretched out in his chair; the annoying pot belly that had lately provoked the former University of Arkansas star halfback into regular sessions at the Senate gym bulged slightly under his well-cut vest. Tillman, formerly a brilliant political scientist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, shared the senator's fervid regard for the intellectual process. He knew where the balance scales would tip: to speak out now was to advocate rationality, to dispel misinformation, to bolster truth. There was, really, little choice.

A few hours before he stood on the Senate floor to blast Johnson's Dominican adventure, a text of the speech and a letter of explanation were delivered by messenger to the White House. The letter has never been answered. And Fulbright has never received another phone call from the President. He became *persona non grata* at the White House. And he was now free to broaden his criticism of Johnson's foreign policy: there was Vietnam, and behind Vietnam, China.

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LIKE MR. PICKWICK'S short black gaiters, J. William Fulbright's glasses are an indistinguishable part of his personality. He uses them to see through, but that is a preliminary function that has become almost atavistic. The tilt of Senator Fulbright's glasses can express interest, boredom, chagrin or disillusion. When held at arm's length off his face, they may be the first thrust of a Fulbrightian inquisition. And on the days that Secretary of State Dean Rusk testified in the crowded, overheated Senate hearing room, the spectacles were continually poised for combat. In the televised drama of the first open debate on United States Asian policy the American public was his audience. But Dean Rusk was his foil.

The contrast between Rusk and Fulbright is symbolic, almost archetypal. Rusk is a missionary with a grievously misplaced sense of the inevitable, purveying the American gospel with a global hard-sell. Fulbright is the cool man of reason, making decisions on the basis of practicality, more concerned with what America can do than what perhaps it should do. Their differing positions reflect what American foreign policy is, and what Fulbright wants it to be.

The conflict between these two men is all the more bitter because of the similarity of their backgrounds. Both are Southerners. Rusk was originally a poor white and Fulbright a patrician, but both were raised in the back country of the old Confederacy when memories of the Battle of Shiloh and the craft of carpetbaggery were still raw. Both became Rhodes scholars: both began their career as college teachers. Both have extremely reserved, rather dull personalities, and prefer a seminar room to a public platform.

But there the resemblance ends. Dean Rusk is an unfrocked John Foster Dulles, Fulbright an Ozark-breed Voltaire. Rusk shares Dulles' evangelistic sense of America's responsibility for the destiny of nations. He is convinced that there is good and evil in the world, and that America is good. Communism is evil. Like any apostle worth his salt, he sees no gray area in between. Nor is he particularly troubled by any end-means dilemma. The very apex of morality to Rusk is the effort to advance a nation's capacity to repulse evil and render its people freedom, democracy, Coca Cola and all the other benefits that America can provide.

It was Dean Rusk the apostle who responded to the senator's questions on daytime television. Rusk began and ended the hearings with the rote view that the sole cause of the Vietnamese war was the aggression of Hanoi and Peking, and stubbornly restated the thesis that America, by bombing the hell out of an Asian country, is effectively resisting the evil of communism.

There were times during Secretary Rusk's recitation when Senator Fulbright didn't seem to be listening. The glasses slid even further than usual down his nose and his eyes drifted up above the gray horizon created by cigarette smoke swirling in the artificial light of the television lamps. This history cannot record what the senator thought during those moments of introspection, but it is likely that once, at least once, he ruminated on the irony of the selection of Dean Rusk as secretary of state, which was one of the great accidents (Fulbright would call it a catastrophe) of our times.

Exhaustive investigation by future historians may prove otherwise, but there is now no evidence to prove that John F. Kennedy chose Dean Rusk as his secretary of state on other than a transitory, eleventh hour whim. Despite the pain he had taken to assure a spectacular beginning to his administration, he came virtually to the eve of taking the Presidential oath without a secretary of state. He had almost tired of the search when the name of Rusk, a former assistant secretary of state for the far east, appeared at the top of the list. Kennedy recalled reading an essay by Rusk in Foreign Affairs in which he celebrated U.S. power to get things done in the world. That fit in with Kennedy's concern at the time for an aggressive diplomacy. Rusk had both Establishment ties and was noncontroversial; nobody could find anything bad, or even interesting, about him, so Kennedy apparently said why not?

IT IS ONE OF THE MYSTERIES of Washington, where even the cleaning ladies have evil memories, why no one remembered how Dean Rusk had resigned from the State Department in 1951: He walked out in a snit because we weren't going to bomb China. As head of Asian affairs, Rusk was the most outspoken advocate of the MacArthur position on the Korean War which, in the nice phraseology of today, would be called pro-escalation. Then it was just called bombing. Rusk, obviously influenced by his eight years in the military, agreed with MacArthur that there was "no substitute for victory." Those who know the secretary insist that he is bitter to this day over the treatment of MacArthur, that he believes it was American diplomatic mistakes, if not duplicity, that "lost" China, and actually feels a personal sense of guilt about it.

The bitterest irony of Kennedy's choice of Rusk as secretary of state dedicated to "our capacity to act" was that the young President found himself, in the last

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months of his life, coming to recognize and accept the basic limitations of American power. But if Rusk was uncomfortable in the atmosphere of détente in the last period of the Kennedy Administration, he positively luxuriated in the tougher temper of the Johnson Administration. The secretary of state is now head hawk in a large and growing aviary at the White House. Johnson is a man of action and Rusk counsels action. In the face of failure, Rusk counsels more action, more bombs. It was what he counseled in 1951, but nobody listened to him, then.

They were listening to him now, with a terrifying unanimity, at State, at Defense, at the White House. Fulbright can only probe and challenge both the assumptions and logic of Rusk's brand of fast freight diplomacy. He hoped, through the unlikely medium of daytime television, to show that reasonable men could fashion another definition of our national interest than committing a quarter of a million men to the suppression of a small Asian country. He had brought his case to the people.

"I'M NO SAINT," FULBRIGHT OFTEN SAYS, usually with a slight note of exasperation. He says it to liberals who cluck cluck in formalized horror over how Fulbright can be *so* right about foreign policy and *so* wrong about things like civil rights. This is a dichotomy that doesn't bother Fulbright as it apparently did not disturb the great Southerners who at the same time held slaves and were the dominant voices of reason and democratic theory in the 19th century U.S. Senate. Fulbright, as a Southern man, has great sympathy for the situation of Negroes — but also retains great indignation over what to him were the atrocities of Reconstruction. He makes no attempt to compromise these conflicting tendencies, and feels no need to do so. His voting record is illiberal on both civil rights and Israel, but Fulbright doesn't care. This often totally exasperates liberals — but if Fulbright were less of a gentleman he could point out that the civil rights leaders cater to the Administration by not speaking out against an immoral and racist foreign policy and are vulnerable to the same holier-than-thou criticism they extend to him. But it is not the style of J. William Fulbright to whine.

Fulbright is no pacifist. He predicted disaster for the Bay of Pigs operation, but supported a possible American invasion of Cuba during the missile crisis of 1962. In spite of qualms about the Vietnam involvement, as late as in late June he delivered a Senate speech supporting Administration strategy.

Fulbright has been disturbed not by questions of morality about the Vietnam war, but by the spiritualistic sense of the inevitable — the gradual occupation of Asia, the drifting towards nuclear war with China — that made the Administration seem to him a band of one-eyed colossi, gazing into a crystal ball tuned to only one channel.

When he couldn't educate the President, he sought to educate the public. And it may be the final irony of the act of J. William Fulbright that Johnson's impetuous reaction to the televised questioning of his policy — in rushing to Honolulu to a hasty summit meeting with puppet premier Ky against the wishes of his more sensitive advisors — has led to a chain of events that may bring about a new South Vietnamese government inclined to ask the United States out of their country. In such an eventuality, it may be difficult for even Rusk, even Johnson, to say no.

Fulbright has changed since he assumed the leadership of the disloyal opposition. His recent speeches present more than a conservative sense of the necessity of limiting the use of U.S. power. He presents an understanding of the inevitability of popular revolutions in Asia, South America and Africa, and the impracticality of the U.S. in attempting to control them.

In a recent speech, the senator formally assumed the patronage of the traditional brand of American radicalism that has lost acceptability in recent years: "In a democracy dissent is an act of faith. Like medicine, the test of its value is not its taste but its effects, not how it makes people feel at the moment, but how it inspires them to act thereafter. Criticism may embarrass the country's leaders in the short run but strengthen their hand in the long run; it may destroy a consensus on policy while expressing a consensus of values. Woodrow Wilson once said that there was 'such a thing as being too proud to fight'; there is also, or ought to be, such a thing as being too confident to conform, too strong to be silent in the face of apparent error. Criticism, in short, is more than a right; it is an act of patriotism, a higher form of patriotism, I believe, than the familiar rituals of national adulation."

The end product of these thoughts is destructive of the Cold War consensus that has sapped America of much of its vitality and reduced the rhetoric of democracy to a series of cliches. Perhaps this is what Senator Fulbright, the historian, has decided he must be about.

by Warren Hinckle, *in conjunction with* Milton Viorst *and* Sol Stern.

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CAPRICHOS

Life for the Spanish peasantry has changed little since Francisco Goya y Lucientes etched his famous series of Caprichos [*Follies*] in the late 1790's. Nor has the frivolous world of the international aristocracy. Only the forms have changed.

CAPRICHOS 3: Que Viene el Coco (*Here's the Bugbear*) by Goya

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Part I *by Thomas Bransten*

Where a Peasant-Troubadour Tells of his People

THEY fell from the Spanish sky
Into a sea of flaming fuel.
On the morning of January 17th,
Flames devoured the poor Yankee fliers.

Gazing at the smouldering debris of aircraft spread across the ruined harvest, an illiterate farmer spoke his thoughts in verse. Because he was God-fearing and taught to love his neighbor, he could feel compassion for the foreigners whose fall had so brutally flung his community into the nuclear age.

Disaster dropped onto the earth.
Destroying the fruit of our toil.
Everything, the land and all its yield
Became contaminated.

The poet dictated his spontaneous lines to Manuel, a 12-year-old pupil at the parochial school in Cuevas del Almanzora, a few miles along one of the narrow dirt roads linking this tomato and bean growing village to its market centers. Manuel copied the words as he heard them, following the peculiar local dialect which leaves all the "s" sounds silent. Even "español," he spelled "epañol." Linguistically as materially, Palomares is comparable in backwardness to Appalachia. Only many times poorer.

Like his fellow inhabitants in the straggling collection of whitewashed houses rising from the dust of the desert-like Andalusian coast, the peasant-troubadour did not feel immediate resentment toward those who knowingly had carried 80 megatons of destruction across his poor patch of earth. Bitterness came gradually for reasons more humanly encompassable. There are no images for what might have happened to southeast Spain — or the entire southern Mediterranean for that matter. "A pillar of flame a mile high, 20 miles across; winds of hurricane force . . . the air sucked from every shelter, replaced by carbon monoxide . . . persons in the open within 40 miles blinded, their retinas burnt to nothing by the thermo-nuclear flash 1,000 times brighter than the sun." This is a mere ten-megaton blast as described in a staid British Home Office manual on civil defense. Neither scientist nor poet can assess the disaster potential of a single B-52 bomb-load like the one that dropped on Palomares that day. The farmer at least had sense enough to cry out:

I am appalled.
O God, in sharing
Thy dangerous secrets
Thou hast lost the possibility
Of completing the world.
It will end
Before we can even profit
From these discoveries.

To these simple people and the fishermen of nearby Villaricos, Aguilas and Garrucha, whose activities on land and sea still closely resemble their ancestors', the accident revealed that they had really coexisted with The Bomb for a long time. Every morning for at least 18 months, the B-52's and their KC-135 tankers would fly over, and people, hearing the jet roar, would look up to watch.

For the Strategic Air Command, Palomares was a perfect rendezvous point on its world-spanning flights. The very atmospheric conditions that make it so hard to eke out a living from the soil — a clear sky and almost no rainfall over the past eight years — were ideal for navigational pinpointing. To SAC, this permanent land fix was all the more precious since Spain was one of the few West European countries allowing the overflight and refueling of American nuclear bombers in its airspace. France and Italy won't have it. One can imagine de Gaulle's public fury if atom bombs, even unexploded ones, were to fall on the Riviera: on Princess Grace and Mr. Onassis in Monaco or on Brigitte Bardot in St.Tropez.

But the generals chose well. Palomares is poor and unworldly. And Generalissimo Francisco Franco takes a most tolerant view of such mishaps, although this one did cause him to suspend, for awhile at least, the flying and refueling of atom bombers in Spanish airspace.

[GREAT FOR VIRILITY]

PALOMARES IS A GHOST TOWN that has had a new lease on life. The surroundings have been settled since the Phoenicians first mined them for iron, silver and lead. Sixty years ago, the area was still being mined by German and Belgian colonists. Two ruined metal factories on the edge of town attest to its former activity. The mining business died; the factories crumbled. People emigrated, some as far as the Sacramento Valley in California where they worked as orchard pickers. With the money earned abroad, they began returning to buy the cheap, wind-blown, unfertile land which the Cuevas families were all too glad to sell off.

They dug for water. Although brackish, it was adequate for irrigation. They built communal wells and put up houses near the fields. The result is that Palomares has no center, its 200 houses and 2,000 people scattered over an area of four miles.

Still, it is a miracle that there were so few casualties from the crash. A burning wing barely cleared the ele-

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mentary school where 51 children sat in class. Another flaming piece containing one of the bombs landed so near a farmhouse with eight people inside that its impact burst the iron lock on a heavy wooden door. The detonator had exploded, cracking the bomb casing and spewing plutonium and uranium-235 particles on the ground. A farmer rushed up and stomped out the flames, because, as he remarked later, "It's no good to have a fire burning around a bomb." The man has been feeling pains lately, but a doctor told him it was "only fear."

Peasants say that one old man who was thrown to the ground and singed by a piece of burning debris was taken to Madrid and given "a fistful of money" by the Americans on his release from the hospital. Roberto Puig, a young architect, actually touched his knee either against the cracked casing of an H-bomb or against its plutonium core. He claims that a few days later, a brownish-red spot appeared on the knee, and that for two weeks he felt nauseous and had severe headaches.

The first radiation rumors did not shake the inhabitants too badly. The Civil Guard denied the stories, even said the rays were great for virility! The farmers, though skeptical, held on to their calm. The kids, swallowing their fears and the taunts of schoolmates from other towns, made up a pathetic chant which they sang to the tune of a popular rock-and-roll song. They called it *La Bomba Pérdida:*

We can't go away, we can't go away
And the bomb will explode
Yé Yé.
You'll come and ask me
To take you to Palomares
But I won't do it
Because I'm full of radioactivity.
Yé Yé Yé Yé.

[ONLY THE COUNTRY PRIEST CARED]

IT DAWNED ON THE VILLAGERS only gradually that they were being treated with off-hand contempt by the authorities (and, less openly, by the Americans), deliberately kept in ignorance, lied to and threatened. "They come here in their big black cars, swaggering around in their uniforms and holding their bellies out in front of them to prove how important they are. They tell us nothing is wrong, not to worry. What do they know. Or care?" commented a farmer's wife after a visit of provincial government officials. She added, "At least the Yankees don't behave that way."

When, after four days, the villagers were suddenly prevented from going into the fields or eating their crops; when they were lined up without more than a perfunctory explanation and gone over with radiation counters; when they were ordered to burn their clothes and when many women were shorn of their hair; when reports of radioactivity caused people in nearby communities to regard them with horror, avoid them as pariahs and boycott their produce, no single Spanish government representative came to reassure them. Instead, another contingent of Civil Guards arrived to stroll in silent menace through the lanes, in their green, imitation toreador capes and black tricorn hats. Clearly, Franco's one idea of social welfare is to send more troops.

Only Father Francisco Navarete Serrano, the 25-year-old priest who ministers to seven parishes and says mass in three different communities every Sunday, came with a colleague to spend two nights in Palomares to soothe the population. They would have come if there were cholera. Unlike the upper clergy, who live in princely style, the parish priests of Spain often have a high sense of calling. And the need in this area is great.

In the fishing village of Villaricos, which has seen its economy destroyed by the bomb, there is no transport or communications system. In a medical emergency one has to walk the four miles to Palomares, which hasn't a phone either, to seek help. Even then there is no doctor. He has to come from Cuevas, 11 miles away and since there is no money among the fishermen to pay him, he is rarely bothered. Like men in the Stone Age, the people of Villaricos live, give birth, die without benefit of medical assistance. Government officials merely shrug and say they are trying to encourage emigration.

Villaricos' only visitor is the priest. He comes every two weeks. Sometimes he is tempted to protest what he sees. If he does, his own superiors and the state officials accuse him of being a communist, threaten him with ecclesiastical discipline, excommunication, jail. As if that were not enough, he is obliged to say at every mass: "God protect this parish, our Pope and our chief Francisco."

[ES FEO]

THE PRESENCE OF AIRMEN, trucks, low-flying aircraft and American sentries with walkie-talkies at every road entrance was at first accepted with resignation by the villagers. They even got used to the airmen and militia walking through their fields without asking permission, crushing the harvest-ripe tomatoes under their boots. And in due course the Americans made it known that they would pay compensation to the farmers. But by the time the search had entered its second week, the Americans were nearly as unpopular in Palomares as the Civil Guard. Villagers noticed the aloofness of the airmen, and the way the blue Air Force trucks, hauling cannisters of contaminated earth from the fields, roared down the narrow dirt roads at speeds up to 50 miles an hour, scattering children and goats. When one

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thinks of the carefully controlled speed limits on the paved roads of Air Force bases, one realizes that speeding was a way for the mechanized troops to lord it over the mule-borne natives. The Palomares folk could sense this.

Privately the villagers returned the Americans' contempt. I overheard two small children say of a six-foot red-headed sentry, "Es feo (How ugly he is). How did he get so big? It's because he chews chiclets!"

The Americans have put a curse on us
And in a few seconds have robbed us
Of our tranquillity.

It was when the full impact of the radioactivity scare hit them that tranquillity disappeared for the people of Palomares. What did it was not so much the decontamination tests as the hostile attitude of their neighbors. They became convinced they were infested with the Evil Eye, a conviction that hasn't quite disappeared. "All our skin will fall off and we'll die," wailed a toothless old woman many weeks after the accident. Her attitude was typical of the older, more ignorant villagers.

For most, the ambassadorial swim in company with Spanish Tourism Minister Fraga helped allay the fears. So did a certificate issued to each holder of decontaminated land, that as of now, all land was "as good as before the accident." There remains, of course, the statistical possibility that some grains of radioactive substance are still scattered about and will, for 24,500 years (the half-life of plutonium), cause isolated contamination.

Whatever myths the Palomares peasants may be prey to, the American failure to deal with the radiation hazard during the first days is a reality. During that time an estimated 80 persons poked around the crash site, ate produce from the nearby fields, walked among their families and friends in radioactive clothing.

The Air Force has advised the population to take frequent showers. This is perhaps a thoughtful suggestion, but it reveals the Americans' utter failure to grasp the local situation. Only three or four houses in Palomares have any plumbing, and it consists of a single small pipe bearing a trickle of cold water to one faucet.

[CACIQUES AND PAID INFORMERS]

THE RADIOACTIVITY SCARE has died down now. Today, what the villagers worry about most is their economic future. Along with the local fishermen and hotel-keepers for 40 miles around, it looks precarious. American promises of compensation have been partially met, but the farmers are a long way from getting the million dollars they requested. Bureaucratic delays and the intervention of Spanish provincial officials to *reduce* the damage claims, have resulted in haggling and bitter recriminations on all sides. Meanwhile the farmers, deprived of their entire spring crop and uncertain of their future, wait. Some plan to leave.

Spanish authorities all but ignore their plight. For one thing, there is a running feud between Palomares and the provincial government of Almería — over water, a commodity that spells life or death for a farming community. Like southern Italy and Sicily, Almería has its Mafia — a respectable association of ten or so leading families known as *caciques*, or "big shots." Through their near-absolute control of wells and reservoirs, they run the province.

Dig a well in Almería province and immediately a *cacique* agent shows up to demand a "tax" levy. Deny him, and the authorities condemn the well as "poisonous," ordering the Civil Guard to see that it is filled in. The Palomares farmers have successfully avoided paying water dues to the feudal overlords, thanks to an alliance with a group of businessmen from the cities who have been buying up property along the coast. The peasants feel that in reducing their damage claims, the provincial authorities acted out of vengeance.

The authorities were also applying a general policy of repression and punishment which has been the province's due since Franco came to power in 1939. The regime has neither forgiven nor forgotten the fact that Almería was the last part of Spain to surrender in the Civil War, and that the male population is still very much inclined to anarchism, socialist doctrine and anti-clericism. As one Palomares man, who proudly gave the clenched fist salute of the Republicans over a glass of local brandy, told us: "If free elections were held today, 95 per cent of the province would vote Socialist."

Not long ago, Franco showed his feelings toward the province by sending Captain Fernando Caro to command the Civil Guard garrison in the city of Almería — the same Caro who won renown during the 1962 Asturias mine disorders as an alleged torturer and murderer of strikers. Seven Civil Guardsmen are permanently stationed in Palomares, a community not noted for its crime. Palomares also boasts two paid informers, cordially detested, and feared, by the inhabitants.

Villaricos, a village of 200 that used to live off the daily catch of four fishing boats, had been put in political quarantine. The villagers were angry at not being allowed to fish, and uncertain about how long the bomb recovery operation, which kept them idle, would last. But lest they protest too loudly, the Civil Guardsmen were there in force, stalking down the dirt road lined with hovels and the ruins of hovels; past ragged children, their ribs sticking out of convex chests, their legs bowed, with sores on their faces and limbs. People who are starving, the regime well knows, might make trouble.

Some of the fishermen did manage to send a delegation

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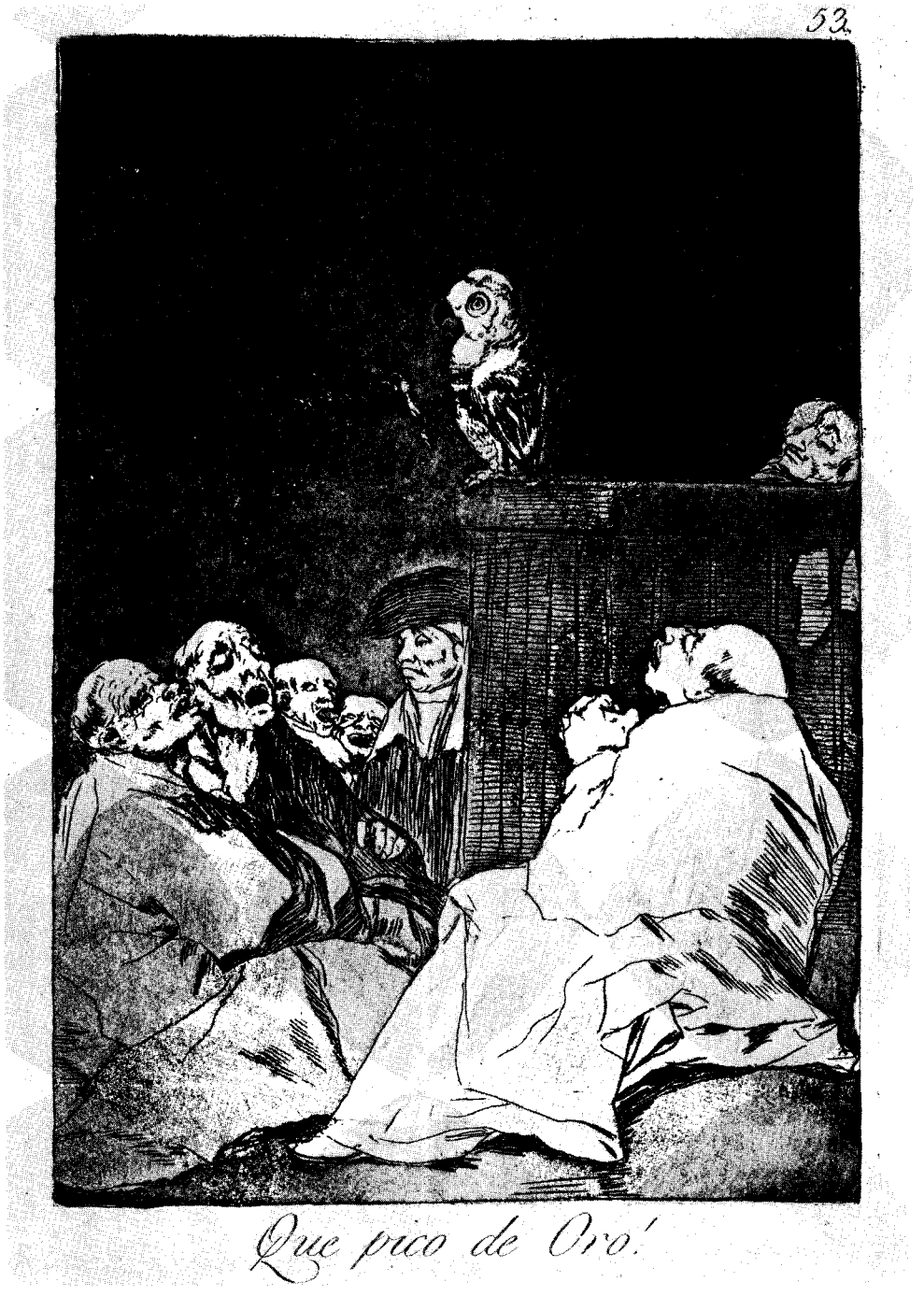

to Madrid to demand compensation — an unheard of and dangerous initiative. But the Ministry of Labor says it is impossible to assess what a nonexistent fish catch might be worth, and the Americans concur. The only American contribution was hiring some of the fishermen as clean-up men at Camp Wilson.

Shortly before Ambassador Duke's arrival in Palomares there was a small riot near the town church. The farmers had put up a crudely-lettered cardboard sign, expressing their bitterness about the reduction of damage claims by provincial authorities. The Civil Guard deemed it disrespectful to the Almería governor, due to visit Palomares with the ambassador, and a jeepload of militia arrived to tear it down. Villagers poured out of their houses to defend the sign. There was a free-for-all. One man, who threw himself across the sign to defend it with his body, was hauled off to jail. The Guard searched his house and seized his papers.

But the villagers were not to be intimidated. They marched on the jail, all the way to Vera miles away, and demanded the man's release. Otherwise, they would close their doors, shutter their windows and the ambassador would have only silent, deserted streets to greet him. Fearing scandal, the Guard hastily complied. Like the Asturias

CAPRICHOS 53: Que Pico de Oro! (*GoldenBeak!*) by Goya

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miners and the students of Barcelona, the farmers and fishermen of this desolate backwater are waking up.

Perhaps the most fitting epitaph for the present episode is the verse of a poet who lived a few miles from Palomares, who caught the spirit of the people of Andalusía as no one else has ever done. Shortly before he was dragged into the street and shot when Franco's troops entered Granada in July 1936, Federico García Lorca wrote:

As I lose myself in the heart of certain children,
I have lost myself in the sea many times.
Ignorant of the water I go seeking
A death full of light to consume me.

Part II *by David Welsh*

Where we Meet El Duke and other Noblemen Gathered to Consider a Matter of Grave Portent

"La vigilancia eterna es el precio de la libertad," said the American ambassador, quoting Jefferson, after taking a dip in the waters off southern Spain. "That is our truth and our reality."

There we all were, at the Parador of Mojácar, the magnificent new tourist hotel erected on one of the most desolate of all the Spanish coasts, listening to the well-chosen remarks of Ambassador Angier Biddle Duke. He was there, and frolicking with his aides and children in the March Mediterranean, because an American H-bomb was missing in those waters, and he had a job to do. There was clearly no more danger of atomic explosion than there had been after the other 14 nuclear accidents known to have occurred in recent years. But this was the first hydrogen bomb officially *lost*, and simple people, prey as they are to unreasoning fears, had to be shown.

"This splendid occasion in this beautiful setting marks in several ways the coming of a new age," said the ambassador at the inauguration of the Parador. "Mojácar, and indeed the province of Almería, are on the threshold of new opportunities as the glorious climate and natural beauties of this, one of the loveliest coasts of all Spain, becomes known to more and more visitors."

An American aristocrat, but with a warm smile and the common touch, slim from daily workouts on his Exercycle, he had charmed everyone with his wit and stamina, gaily splashing water in the faces of his swimming companions. Dario, 8, and María Luisa, 11, his children by a previous marriage, were out there with him. So was Dario's friend, Tony Szulc, son of Tad Szulc, the New York Times correspondent. Other bathers were Major General Stanley Donovan, supreme commander of U.S. forces in Spain, and the children of Don Manuel Fraga Iribarne, the Spanish minister of information and tourism and one of the most powerful men in Franco's cabinet.

"My children and friends have experienced at first hand this morning the pleasures of the sea," Mr. Duke continued, "but I think you will agree with me, Mr. Minister, our next swim here in a month or so should be even more enjoyable. I salute the vision and achievement of Don Manuel Fraga Iribarne whose concepts are made realities in this magnificent Parador."

That beach had never seen such commotion. A horde of dignitaries and news vultures, scurrying about like sand pipers, tripping over tripods and each other, were good-humoredly turning their complete attention to this symbolically important event. "Would you mind coming out of the water again for me, Mr. Ambassador?" bellowed a photographer, the water lapping around his belt as Mr. Duke cheerfully obliged.

"The people of Palomares," said Duke, "are like the people of the world, interested and concerned, questioning but determined to face the realities of a changing world. None of us can discern our future in the atomic age we live in . . . The perils of it have been brought to us by the need to respond to the challenges to the values and the culture which the Western world represents . . . But there is no foreseeable alternative. It is a part of the set of realities we are learning to live with."

What the swim-in proved is difficult to say, but the story made a big splash in the Free World press. And we in the Free World were greatly reassured that these weapons of total annihilation, hurtling around the globe every day and every night, are as harmless as a child's plaything — until the moment when the responsible finger of Lyndon B. Johnson decides to hit the button.

One got the feeling that we were all actors in a mad play — all of us, from the ambassador and generals to the frogmen and radiation specialists, from the local tomato farmers to the most obtrusive photographer — and that a machine, programmed by a madman, had written the script and stage directions. And there we all were, coming in right on cue; even the skeptical ones — there were roles for them too. Dissent, after all, is the American way, and this was an eminently American play. Some of us were walk-ons, others had top billing, but everyone was careful to avoid breaking character. We all wanted bigger parts in the next mad play, and anyway there were plenty of understudies waiting in the wings to assume our roles. True, one could ad-lib a little, but by this time there

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was nothing any of us could do to change the script.

[THE TERRACE]

IT WAS WARM MID-AFTERNOON and everybody was out there, taking the sun on the flagstone terrace of the Parador. A white-jacketed waiter glided between the tables circulating scotches. And pallid sunbathers lifted their eyes to watch an Air Force helicopter edge its way purposefully across the sky. Equally purposeful was the stride of Major General Delmar Wilson, the tall, genial commander of the 16th Air Force, who arrived in his flight suit to take his place on the terrace. The general's eyes sparkled as he fondly recalled the early days of the H-search. He was proud to have been "the oldest timer," the first American at the tail-piece of the crashed B-52 on January 17th and practically the last to leave.

The "buddy system" is so pervasive in the United States armed forces that it extends even to H-bombs — and H-bombers. When the giant B-52 made its fatal rendezvous with an aerial tanker over Palomares, its identical twin and traveling companion was in the process of refueling, in echelon, three-quarters of a mile ahead. Both bombers had flown non-stop from the States, and were pausing to gas up for the journey to their "fail-safe" points somewhere on the perimeter of the Communist world. They were part of the Strategic Air Command's "shield" of nuclear bombers, in the air around the clock because, as General Wilson told the bewildered villagers of Palomares to the oom-pah-pah of an Air Force band: "SAC represents a formidable retaliation capability against aggressive measures that might be taken by Communist countries toward countries of the Free World."

The two air tankers had taken off from Morón Air Base, near Seville, built by the U.S. Air Force, along with two other air bases and the Polaris nuke-sub base at Rota, after the conclusion of the 1953 bases agreement with Franco. And it was the lead tanker which called in the first report of the accident to Wilson's Command Post. "The big thing in an operation like this," he said, stretching his long legs on the terrace, "is to start thinking big from the very beginning. For instance, our policy has been 'no dust.' I gave orders for every water distributor in the command to roll immediately for Palomares." It was that kind of thoroughness that endeared General Wilson to his men and his superiors alike.

"I'd follow that man through fire," said the general's black-bereted driver, standing by his jeep in the Parador parking lot. Such *esprit de corps* was typical of the men of Camp Wilson, named in honor of their chief. They even called themselves "Warner's Warriors," after the code name "Warner" which Wilson used for his first radio message from Palomares a few hours after the crash. Theirs was a grim assignment, but with the ineffable buoyancy of GI's everywhere, they turned it into a lark.

It was getting breezy on the terrace, as the kindly Andalusian sun fell slowly into the sea, and people began buttoning their shirts to go inside. There, in the lounge, was the dapper Navy commander of the H-hunt, Rear Admiral William Guest, conferring with officers from the Task Force. Their mission, as he described it, was to recover "classified material" from the sea-floor. The admiral also said the operation "will advance oceanography by a quantum jump," and indeed, the most modern equipment and some 25 of the best minds in American oceanography were on hand to assist in the search, including Jon Lindbergh, son of the transatlantic aviator. They were only a few feet away, huddled in an alcove in their somber suits, drinking tea. What one liked about them was the cool, professional detachment with which they talked about their job, and their scrupulous adherence to security regulations. It was gratifying to know that the business of finding the H-weapon was in their trust.

Weeks later they found the bomb on the slope of a murky undersea canyon 2,500 feet below the surface and dredged it up. They were wise enough to display the great, gray monster to the press; otherwise some ornery skeptic might not have believed them.

[ROOM EIGHT]

THREE PORTABLE TYPEWRITERS on low tables; three reporters behind them, grinding out their daily mishmash of fact and government press-agentry — it was Room Eight of the Parador, and a very important place.

"What's Lindbergh's middle initial?"

"Christ, how the hell should I know? Where's Szulc?"

"He's got an interview with the ambassador."

"That figures. Glad I got that feature on Lindbergh."

The press, which fancies itself an important and independent influence on affairs of national policy, barked assertively from time to time during the H-affair. The news was quite openly being suppressed, and the press practically *had* to bitch about it; or how could we sustain the myth of press freedom and power that buoys us up every day, keeps us sane and on the job? Newsmen are like any other special interest group, stirred periodically to righteous indignation over some professional grievance, but quickly settling into their customary lame acquiescence.

Fortunately, there was an exception, even if it proved the myth — a young newshawk of the old school named Andre Delamo who had the temerity to *leave Madrid* and go after his story. If there is a hero in this grisly affair, it is he, and the man who dispatched him to Palomares and trusted his wildly improbable story, the United Press International chief in Madrid, Harry Stathos.

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In the fiercely competitive world of the wire services, an hour's beat by the opposition is pure disaster. And that's what happened to UPI on Monday, January 17th. The Associated Press flashed the first bulletin — "planes collided." Stathos, caught with his pants down, rushed to his office and called Lt. Col. Barnett "Skip" Young, the 16th Air Force information officer. "I refuse to confirm or deny that the plane carried a nuclear bomb," said Skip. Stathos batted out his story, but by this time virtually every American newspaper had the AP version set in type.

Tuesday Stathos learned that Generals Wilson and Donovan, the top Air Force brass in Spain, had flown to Andalusía. The story was beginning to smell big, and before long, Delamo and a London Daily Mirror reporter were speeding south on a dusty, all-night auto ride to Palomares. They were the only two reporters at crash site, and they didn't bother to ask permission.

Early Wednesday evening, Stathos got the call: "Harry, goddam it, I got the greatest story. That miserable plane had *four* H-bombs aboard and one is still missing. And there are radioactive particles in the fields . . . " Delamo had been walking through a tomato patch when an Air Force sergeant approached him: "Hey, do you speak Spanish? Will you tell this farmer to get off this field? It's contaminated." Delamo, who is from Los Angeles, lost no time in getting the story.

Within minutes UPI tickers were clattering all over the world with the unbelievable story: "U.S. servicemen, some armed with Geiger counters, were beating the bushes today for an atomic device lost in the crash of a B-52 nuclear bomber. U.S. officials still refuse to confirm or deny . . . However, an unofficial source said that three bombs had been recovered and one was still missing."

Thursday morning, Stathos had his revenge: an eight-column banner in the New York Herald Tribune (UPI), front page New York Times (UPI), exclusive across the country. Hours after the papers hit the stands, William Bell, the embassy information officer in Madrid, was finally authorized to announce that "unarmed nuclear armament" had been aboard the crashed B-52. "I told him it was a pretty mealy-mouthed way of saying a bomb was missing," said Stathos, "and he agreed."

THE HUSH-UP POLICY did not end, however, with this back-handed partial admission. It was the last official statement about the accident for 41 days, until, in early March, the Defense Department finally came clean. Meanwhile the Air Force hurled abuse after abuse at the UPI office, accusing Delamo of "making false statements" and "spreading lies." Skip Young, the public misinformation officer, even banned Delamo from Camp Wilson. But that was characteristic of the man a British columnist called "the Voice of America without vocal chords." Skip, a tall, leather-faced man with a folksy drawl, had taken an old press-handling technique and developed it into an art:

Q: How many frogmen are out there?
Skip: No comment.
Q: Is this a picture of a frogman?
Skip: No comment.
Q: Do Navy frogmen wear beards?
Skip: No comment.
Q: Which ship do the frogmen operate from?
Skip: I don't see any ships out there.

There is no question that the no-comment policy saved a lot of face for the U.S. government, or that it encouraged the propagation of the wildest rumors. Some of them, like the presence of a Soviet trawler near the search area, turned out to be true. What we blithely accepted as real was so fantastic that no story, no matter how crazy, could be dismissed out of hand. The London Daily Express doubtless went out of bounds when it described Palomares as "a modern seaside resort" (a mile from the sea), or when it reported that Navy frogmen were "under strict orders to be on the lookout for Soviet divers."

But all this was tame compared to the story that appeared in the dear old Daily Express three weeks after the crash. It was corrected after the first edition, but not before Agence France Presse had picked it up and sent it all over the globe on their English-language wire. NUCLEAR BOMB EXPLODES, screamed the headlines in the Sydney Sun over the AFP story: THOUSANDS FLEE — DEADLY ALPHA RAYS RELEASED — VILLAGE CORDONED OFF—LARGE AREAS CONTAMINATED. Everyone chuckled a lot over that one.

[THE BAR NOOK]

A LOVELY YOUNG FRENCHWOMAN named Lola settled back on the divan with a scotch and water, and the conversation abruptly stopped. A youthful newsman leaned forward with his Campari-soda and ventured, "Who're you with?" With Jack? one wondered; perhaps Johnny.

"I'm with CBS," she replied coolly.

"Really? I'm with ABC," and the conversation resumed with the boisterous camaraderie of the international journalistic fraternity. It was cocktail hour at the Parador of Mojácar, a pastime two days old for the crowd of temporary residents, but already a tradition.

At the other end of the spacious, exquisitely appointed main lounge, a svelte young thing in a satin sheath arched her foot and tickled the nap of a hand-loomed rug: "Such lovely carpets, one hesitates to step on them."

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"Damned attractive, all right," replied an American embassy official, in the flat, cultured tones one has come to expect of our senior diplomats. "Beautiful, in fact. I wish I had enough money with me to go and buy one."

An elegant setting, good conversation, fine food and strong drinks, the Parador was a place where Americans of power and influence (a trifle "nouveau," perhaps, but well-adapted to the milieu) could mingle with Spanish aristocrats and *arrivistes*, with common note-takers and the handful of foreign tourists and businessmen. Only the oceanographic specialists kept to themselves, talking shop with serious intensity. For everyone else, it was a place to cool off and talk about pleasant things after a hot day of tussling with that nasty business of a missing H-bomb.

Every hotel lobby, no matter how large, has a center. And on this evening it was located in a small lounge adjacent to the bar, at a round, knee-high table surrounded by soft chairs and lit by an unobtrusive overhead lantern. When Angier Biddle Duke entered the lobby, nodding pleasantly to acquaintances, collared for 30-second conferences by his aide and his information officer, it was to this table that he gravitated. At his approach the men rose to shake his hand: Major General Stanley Donovan, a compact gray-suited man with a toothbrush moustache, and Tad Szulc, the burly, quick-witted New York Times correspondent. The wives, Robin Duke, Peggy Donovan and Marian Szulc, laughingly accepted the ambassador's light and personally addressed greetings.

They were charmers, that trio. Robin, once described by the New York Times as "next to Jacqueline Kennedy, about the prettiest and most fashionable public figure in Washington," was dressed like Easter Sunday. A striking blonde with high cheek bones and a touch of *hauteur*, who has been a stockbroker, model for Hattie Carnegie, panelist on the television show "Leave It to the Girls," fashion editor of the New York Journal-American and head of international public relations for Pepsi-Cola, Robin lent a certain tone to the gathering. Marian contributed her poise, urbanity and delicate beauty. And everyone was glad Peggy was there, with a warmth, wit and unflagging zest for people one would hardly expect in a general's wife. Her recent light-hearted travel book, *Spain in Your Pocket*, earned her the Isabella Católica award from the Spanish government, highest award to women in Spain, and the title, *Dama de España*, an appellation amply justified by her radiant travelogue. It says in the prologue: "The tides of change have affected Spain less than the rest of Europe for it has been only in the last ten years that she has recuperated from a blood-letting Civil War and subsequent ostracism. Thus, the sense of discovery for the visitor has not yet dimmed, the patina of age shines on the ruins, and the land sparkles in crystalline brilliance. Spain is enormous fun. It is also a paradox. It is both passionate and pious, arid and green, crying and laughing, ugly and beautiful, soft and stoic, cruel and kind. The Spaniards . . . are neither shy nor obsequious, and the most modest peasant has the manners of a lord. After all, both God and the peasant are called Señor, and there is a popular saying that every man is a king."

BUT IN ALL THIS GALAXY of para-celebrities, none had the commanding presence of Ambassador Duke. And small wonder, when you see the hardy stock he sprang from. Heir to the Duke tobacco fortune (American Tobacco Co.) and scion of the Drexel-Biddle family of Philadelphia bankers, Angier Biddle Duke is a walking Social Register. His background, and particularly his romances, were the subject of much respectful banter around the Parador. Adolescence he spent prepping at St. Paul's and Yale, and from time to time he and family would trot off to Europe for a chamois hunt with the king of Spain. After his first marriage, to the granddaughter of Franklin D. Roosevelt's aunt, he worked as a ski editor (who had never been on skis) and dabbled in business for pleasure (making ball-point pens in Argentina). Like most others, Duke found it difficult to choose between the Democratic and Republican parties. In 1948 he contributed heavily to Republican Tom Dewey's campaign for President, but Truman's victory caused him to search his soul. Before many months were out he was a Democrat, and on his way to Buenos Aires as assistant to investment banker Stanton Griffis, the ambassador to Argentina. Transferred to Madrid in 1951, when we were once again on speaking terms, diplomatically, with Franco Spain, he met María Luisa de Arana, granddaughter to a Spanish nobleman whose family lost its fortune in the Civil War. She became his third wife in 1952, after his conversion to Catholicism. They set up house at the ambassador's residence in El Salvador.

He and his Spanish noblewoman were a big hit in El Salvador. The local newspapers called him "El Duke," as if it were a title, and the president of the pint-sized republic often visited Duke unannounced and lunched with him. Just before his recall, Duke made haste to sign an agreement granting U.S. military aid to his friends in the ruling circles of El Salvador. Before long Duke was involved in supporting another "showcase of democracy" — South Vietnam. As president of the International Rescue Committee, one of the principal propaganda bearers of the Ngo Dinh Diem "miracle," Duke traveled all over the world drumming up support for the South Vietnamese president, and incidentally, boosting the IRC's refugee program. In recognition of his services, Diem made Duke a commander of the National Order of Vietnam.

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But the most fascinating period of Duke's life for the gossip-machines at the Parador was his four years as chief of protocol of the United States. Shortly after his appointment his third wife died and the following year he remarried. His bride was Robin Chandler Lynn, whom he had met in Moscow years before while globe-trotting for the International Rescue Committee; she had been there on a campaign to get the Russians to drink Pepsi Cola. Their wedding was a social event, attended by the John Kennedys and the Lyndon Johnsons, but this was as it should be; Teddy Roosevelt was a guest at his parents' wedding, just as Ulysses S. Grant had graced the nuptials of his great-grandmother Drexel. Robin quickly became one of Washington's most popular hostesses. Angie, however, was a bit disappointed in the protocol post. Having already tasted power in El Salvador and as one of the kingmakers of Ngo Dinh Diem, what he really wanted was an embassy. But there were compensations. "It's satisfying," he said, "to be as close as I've been to the sources of world power." Then, early in 1965, came the big break. Lyndon Johnson was looking for an ambassador to Spain, and a glance at Duke's record proved him to be admirably equipped for the job. Francisco Franco may run a police state; he may have crushed his people's experiment in freedom and helped the Axis; but he is today one of our staunchest allies, and Johnson needed a real smooth operator to keep him happy.

Social life in Madrid brightened considerably with the Dukes' arrival. And they came with quite a household. Not counting servants, there were Angie's children, Dario and María Luisa; Robin's two children by a previous marriage to actor Jeffrey Lynn, and a son of their own.

"You should have *seen* Jeff Lynn with Joan Fontaine . . . what was the name of it, dear? . . . oh, well, it was on Long Island — repertory, you know — and just fan*tas*tic . . ."

"Dario's Spanish grandmother absolutely *insists* that the children use their full name; you know, Duke y Arana, with the matronymic . . ."

"Well *I* heard that Dario was having *great* difficulty spelling it, but then he's only eight, and it's hard for a child to adjust to all this moving . . ."

These and other vagaries of the tandem Spanish and American aristocracies were the talk of the evening in the small room adjacent to the bar of the Parador, until the ambassador, the general and the New York Times correspondent rose with their wives and went upstairs to dine. There, they could look out over the swimming pool, the sun terrace and the sea, where an H-bomb lay peacefully — a trifling thing, really — scarcely disturbing the marriage of convenience between the elite of the United States and the elite of Spain. It is 13 years old, that union, and growing more felicitous every year.

[THE BEACH]

IT WAS GOOD TO BE OUT OF THERE and on the beach, along with the film wrappers and discarded copies of a press release. It was cool late evening. The dark hulls of ships of the Sixth Fleet sat ominously offshore. The scrub-brush bluffs along the coast recalled the mournful lines of Lorca. And on the rise the Parador stood glittering, a strange exception on the landscape, a bright playhouse where all those important people were acting out their incredible roles. It was, certainly, a mad play. We may never be able to find out who, precisely, wrote the script. But we know the American people didn't, and surely not the people of Spain.

How did it happen? Certain decisions we can trace to members of an amorphous elite — the decision to rearm for the Cold War and fly nuclear bombers on 24-hour alert; the decision to establish military bases in Spain and bolster the regime which would allow them. But it is bigger, even, than the elite; bigger, now, than any one man or group of men. That is to say, it is out of control.

In 1964 U.S. and Spanish forces held a joint amphibious maneuver north of Rota, Spain. A German admiral who observed it was so impressed with the efficiency and technical prowess of the American air, sea and land forces, that he commented: "They're more Prussian than the Prussians. It's like a machine, or a radio with replaceable components; when something goes wrong you merely replace the defective component. Being a general in this army is just a matter of organization, of moving around the components until it works." But the admiral's comment has a wider application.

All of them gathered there in southern Spain, even the ambassador, were like helpless components in a giant machine of power with no *caudillo* at the center. They know the power is there; they feel uneasy as they bow to it and do their duty. Few know why they are doing it. They hardly know whom they are doing it for, except that it is for their immediate superior and that it is their duty.

It comes down to a question of values, of priorities. The officials, soldiers and newsmen, with their easy compliance to authority, have in effect decided that their own advancement to a higher position inside the machine, and all the benefits that go with it, are more important than their personal ideals; more important, finally, than themselves. The essence of their action is identical to that of the servants of Franco the *Caudillo*; their action is merely elaborated differently. If they have anything left in common with the peasants and fishermen who formed a blurred backdrop for the play of the machine, if they have any shred of humanity left, then Thank God.

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Part III *by Morton Beebe*

IBERIA LINEAS AEREAS DE ESPAÑA

I HOPE WE MADE YOUR DEADLINE INSPITE OF ANY US CUSTOMS DELAYS IN SAN FRANCISCO. PER MY TELEGRAM FR GENEVA TWA AIRFREIGHTED THE FILM WAYBILL 015-GUA-824829 ARRIVED SUNDAY.

AS YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED: I FILMED THE TOMATOES AS THE US FORCES WERE REQUIRED TO EAT THE ~~ENTIRE~~ HARVEST OF PALOMARES SINCE THEY MIGHT NOT FAIR THE PUBLICITY ON THE OPEN MARKET. NOTE THE PERSONNEL RESTING ON THE CANS CARRYING THE CONTAMINATED SOIL. PER THE MORNING NEWSPAPER THE ~~BOMB~~ BOMB WAS DISCOVERED AT SEA WHILE WE WERE THERE. NO WONDER THE WOULD NOT ALLOW ME ABOARD OR IN THE WATER AS THE DETONATORS MAY HAVE GONE OFF. MORT

Mr. Dugald Stermer
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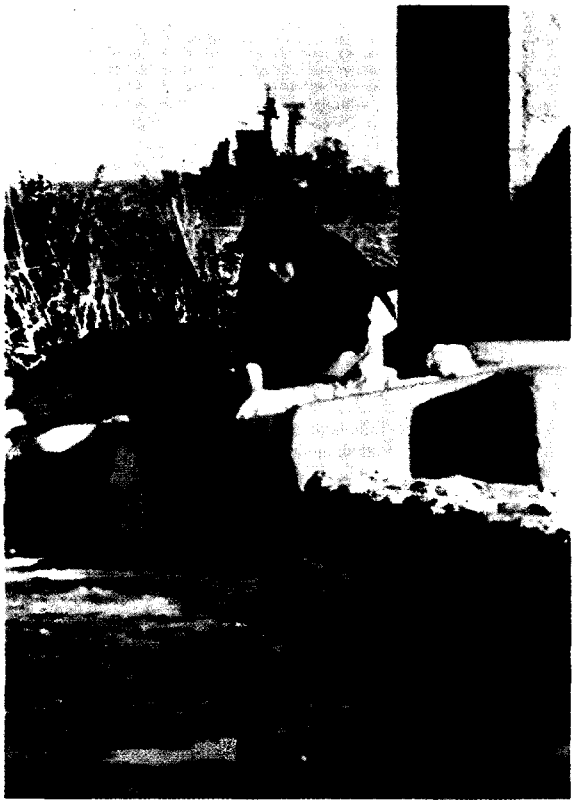

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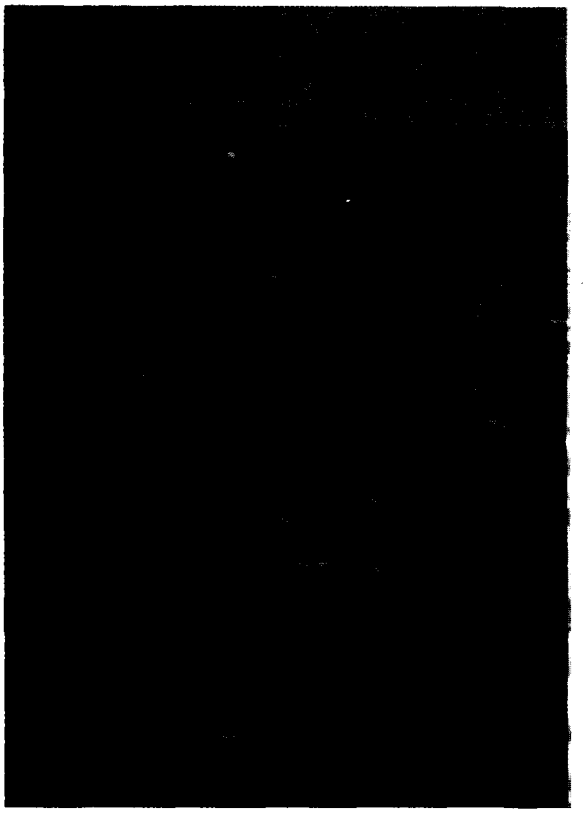

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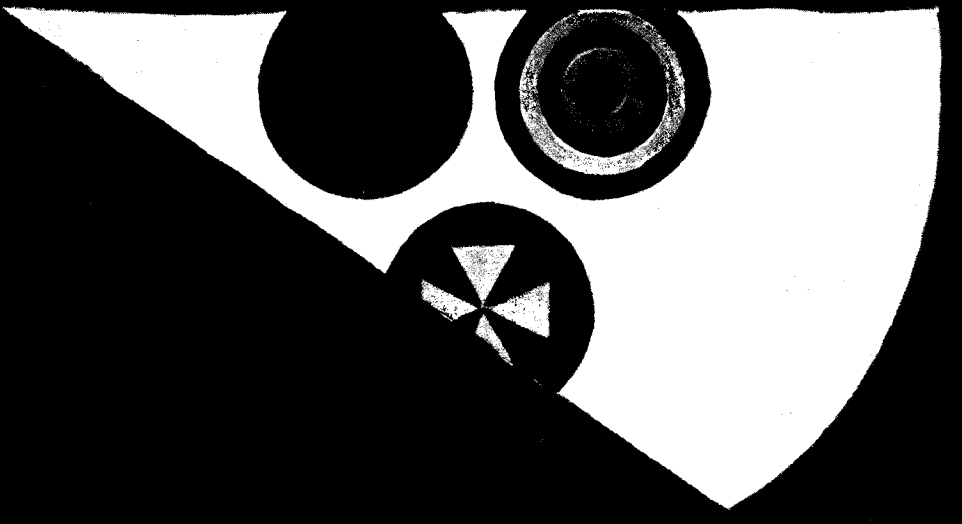
Landscape in Concrete



Illustrations by Dugald Stermer

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There is a plague called man.

WHEN YOU LOSE YOUR WAY in the Ardennes, you're lost. What use are plans and prayers. A landscape without faces is like air nobody breathes. A landscape in itself is nothing. The country through which German Sergeant Gauthier Bachmann was making his way on the second Monday before Easter was green but lifeless. He rattled the stick in his left hand over the tree trunks, they stood as close together as fence posts. To the right of him unplowed fields stretched out to the horizon. A sultry wind blew from the south, driving larks and other small birds, drying the puddles in among the clods, and coming to rest in the branches. Bachmann was heavy and shapeless, like the blanket of clouds that covered the fields. His lips were as dry as the bark of the trees, his stomach as empty as the plains. He saw only what thrust itself into his field of vision: the pointed fingers of thin branches, the green hair that welled from the ground, brown pustules that seemed to be made of earth, entrails that looked like roots. Hunger made him as light as a feather. This was the beginning of his fifth week in the Ardennes. Something had to happen — and it would have to be soon. Where there are fields, there have to be people, and where there are people, army camps can't be far away. The thought of army camps full of brisk and sturdy soldiers twisted his mouth into a smile. He looked for a gap in the ranks and found one where he had least expected it. In the very first rank. Morning roll call. Count off. One, two, three, four. The voices were sharp. Heads snapped to one side. Twenty-one, he yelled. Twenty-one. Sergeant Gauthier Bachmann of the Eighth Hessian Infantry Regiment. Reporting for duty, yessir.

THE WOOD TO HIS LEFT swallowed up the echo. Sir, sir, sir, he shouted with all his might, baring big yellow teeth on the final "r." The wind dispersed the sound. His boots scraped over the ground like a dull plow. The day showed every indication of being like the ones before it. He clenched his teeth and risked a jump. And then the unexpected happened. From a hole in the ground no bigger than a fox's burrow popped a creature with his finger pressed to his lips. Pst, pst, he went, and a man, small, dark, and skinny, crawled out of the hole, shook his fist in Bachmann's stomach and yelled: You're caving in my entrance, you damn fool.

Get away from me, you! Bachmann was scared stiff. He hauled off and poked his stick into the ghost's side. It writhed with pain and made faces. You've hurt my kidney, the critter whimpered. Good, said Bachmann and got ready to strike again. Then it dawned on him: the ghost spoke his mother tongue. You're not a mole?

Me a mole? Are you crazy? I'm a German.

A German? Bachmann wasn't going to be made a fool of. He was delirious with hunger. In such a state, he knew, all sorts of things can happen. The critter held his side and limped around him in a circle.

by Jakov Lind

From the novel "Landscape in Concrete," © Grove Press, 1966

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You're a liar! Whish! He tried to shoo him away, but the little fellow kept nimbly beyond his reach. Whish, Bachmann went, get away! He spun around, brandishing the stick. How can it be a German? Must be some cross between a man and a beast, like those mongrels that sometimes get born in out-of-the-way places.

But I am a German. We talk the same language, don't we? The argument had its effect. Standing by the entrance to the burrow, Bachmann lifted his right boot. Don't, the other cried out. Don't do it! That's my home! His home? ran through Bachmann's head, then he must be lying. That's no kind of home for a human being. He brought his right boot down with full force. The boot vanished in the ground. The construction was frail, further proof that the whole thing must be a trap. Something pulled him downward. The little fellow's head grew smaller and his hands shriveled. But his legs kept growing and growing. Bachmann disappeared below the surface of the earth as in a tomb. When the ground was up to his chin, he climbed out again and dusted off his clothes.

The little man was sitting under a tree, quaking with the cold, as if somebody had routed him out of a warm bed at night, and looking wide-eyed at this monster whose uniform was just as ragged as his own. Say, that was clever of you, that was pretty smart! He still couldn't take it in. He'd really unearthed a human being. The little fellow was squatting like an Indian. Pointed knees were growing out of his ears. The human sitting posture was conclusive proof. What's your name?

Xaver Schnotz, my company is over there. He pointed in the direction from which Bachmann had come. You know that? Bachmann was amazed. You know that and you stay here? I didn't see a thing. I haven't met a soul in a whole month. If it weren't for the planes, I'd have thought I was dead long ago. The Elysian fields.

Don't insult the fields, said Schnotz. Without these fields I'd have been dead long ago. Do you realize how warm it is down there?

No.

Plenty warm. You're a stinker. You've wrecked my house. But I won't go with you. If you keep on going, you'll be at the border by tonight. Without me. I'm staying here until it's over. Have to dig myself a new hole. It's too risky in the hut.

Hut?

Too risky, I tell you. It's up against the wall for the likes of us, or the noose.

Bachmann stood up: I'm beginning to catch on. You're a deserter.

Sure, what else.

And I thought you were lost. So you're a deserter. That's great.

Schnotz detected something wrong in the tone.

What do you mean: So you're a deserter? What are you, a Wehrmacht patrol?

Not at all. But I'm not a deserter either. Not by a long shot. The opposite. I'm looking for my regiment.

I don't get you.

Oh yes, you do. I'm looking for my regiment. And if I don't find my own, I'll join another. Been on sick leave long enough. High time I was doing something.

Schnotz was thunderstruck. He must be pretty far gone. Or he's an informer. Crazy idea. They wouldn't send out an informer like that.

Now I get it, said Schnotz. It takes all kinds. Something's wrong with you?

No, said Bachmann resolutely. I'm perfectly all right. But there's something wrong with those people on the medical board. They claim my nerves are shot. Tell me the truth, do I look it?

Schnotz looked the enormous Bachmann over from top to toe. He didn't see anything wrong and besides he didn't want to mess things up. He could smell the bread through newspaper and coat pockets. He guessed there'd be more edibles in the knapsack. No, he said, I've seen crazier people. You look perfectly normal and healthy to me. What are you going to do?

Let's go over to the hut, I'm all in. We can take turns standing guard, and there we'll at least have a roof over our heads.

There isn't any roof, only a few rotten planks, but I'd like to look and see if the peasants haven't buried some kohlrabi, they do that around here.

SCHNOTZ RAN AHEAD OR IN BACK like a dog, he kept pointing his ears and making faces. Bachmann had cut himself a new stick. With Schnotz cutting capers around him, he strode deeper and deeper into the woods like a Goethe on his Easter promenade. He felt almost human, at least he hadn't felt so stimulated in months. He kept having to interrupt his account of his plans with an "Over here, over here." Schnotz was as nimble and nervous as a weasel. He chewed on a blade of grass and squinted up at Bachmann from time to time. His hand to his left ear, his gigantic Adam's apple bobbing up and down. What Bachmann was telling him struck him as so implausible that he didn't trust his ears. Plan A, said Bachmann, is maybe the simplest. I creep into an army camp at night and hide in the cellar. I wait for a fresh batch of recruits to turn up, and as soon as I hear them marching through the gate, I pop out. I wait till they're in the shower room, naked everybody looks alike. Then to the quartermaster's, I draw a new uniform, and I'm in the clear. Sure, I lose my rank,

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but I get a second chance. That's worth the sacrifice. What I need is an old camp building with as many passages, rooms, and storerooms as possible. You don't think much of it, I can see that by your face. Plan B. Combat situation. It's hard to get there. There are sentries, patrols, and manned trenches all over. But once you've broken through, you're in the clear. After that you just have to show you've got what it takes. I'm no coward, friend, you can take my word for it. Mortars and such things don't scare me. The more noise there is the better I like it. You don't know me. The only part I don't go for is wet trenches and mud. Aside from that any kind of terrain suits me. Once the fighting is over, I lay my cards on the table. I tell them frankly who I am — but they reward me for bravery in battle. My discharge is canceled. It stands to reason; because I proved I'm a man, I showed them I've got what it takes. I'll even come in for a decoration. But that's not what I'm out for, don't get that idea.

Schnotz had climbed up on a branch, he'd thought he'd heard strange voices. But when he realized it was only the echo of Bachmann's voice, he jumped down and ran after him.

The hut's over there, Schnotz whispered, sticking his head into a clump of bushes. Bachmann gave a start but quickly pulled himself together. He wasn't going to let the sight of a peasant hut interrupt his train of thought. Plan C, Schnotz, may sound fantastic. But it has its points. Would you kindly cut out sniffing and running around? Listen to me, you can learn a thing or two. I'll need a military cemetery. I pick out a suitable spot between two graves and bury myself. Like you in your fox burrow. Only I can't afford to leave such a big hole. The air shaft mustn't be any bigger than a waterpipe with a diameter of two and a half inches. Otherwise people would notice it. So I lie in this grave and wait for a funeral. I'll need about a dozen people in civilian clothes. Uncles, aunts, parents, and such. As soon as the services start, in between the priest's blessing and the sermon — before the visitors and relatives have recovered from their emotion — I rise up out of the grave. Anyone who sees a soldier in uniform rising out of the grave is bound to stand up for him. People can't say no to a soldier with catalepsy, that's a safe bet, they're too sentimental. And what does the man want? Nothing, except to be marked fit for active duty. He wants to join his buddies at the front. It's sure to work, there's only one possible hitch.

The technical arrangements have to be made with precision. If something goes wrong with the air shaft, the consequences can of course be tragic. Because if you really die in the grave, you'll be dead and buried when the funeral starts up, and all your work will be for nothing.

That plan is terrific, said Schnotz, who happened to have been listening, you've got to try it. When you come out, the people will be so scared they'll make in their pants. So even if you don't succeed, you won't have to worry about anybody trying to kick you.

Schnotz had found a beech tree and was looking for beech-nuts. He crawled on all fours. For lack of teeth, he had to crack the shells with his fingernails. He looked like a squirrel.

Plan D, Bachmann announced. A column of soldiers is marching down the road. A thousand men, two thousand — row after row on their way to the front. I hide in a cranny in the wall near a curve in the road, and when the sergeant's view is cut off, I fall in. As if it were the most natural thing, I just march along. Hup hoop hip hore, keeping perfect step so's not to attract attention, only buttoning my pants as if I'd just been taking a leak. Not a bad idea if you ask me. Or I could jump on a moving train, why not, and just mix with the men.

That's a good one, said Schnotz chewing on a nut, very good in fact. Too bad you don't want to join the navy, I'd have a suggestion.

Really? asked Bachmann.

You swim after a battleship and crawl into one of the torpedo tubes. That way they won't see you. And when they start firing, you'll be the first to go. You'll be right in the thick of action. You'll get a medal.

Bachmann didn't like to have Schnotz making fun of him.

Schnotz was already sitting in front of the hut, he had actually found a hole with turnips and sugar beets in it, and was stuffing his pockets. I've got another idea. Why not report to Major von Göritz. He's stationed less than twenty miles from here. If you've got a pencil, I'll show you the way. Tell him you don't care about women, but tell him in a diplomatic kind of way, and he'll take you right in. Naturally you mustn't tell him you met me, or I'd be washed up. They shoot deserters. You know that. Bachmann found a pencil and let Schnotz sketch the road on the back of his book. It seemed like a long way, but in the last four months Bachmann had put longer distances behind him. Thanks, he said, that's not a bad idea. I'll keep at him, don't worry. I'd like to feel human again, that's what I'm really after, I'm sick of being an outcast, see what I mean? But I won't have anything to do with the other thing, it's against nature. It's perverted. What else could I do for the guy?

Von Göritz? He kept a Belgian for a while, but you can't offer to bring him back, except his dead body.

What happened to him? Bachmann wanted to find out as much as possible about this Göritz, the modest beginnings of a plan began to take root in his brain as firmly as spores in humus. Future mushrooms.

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The Belgian was a cook, a civilian. Nineteen years old. Then somebody poisoned him out of jealousy.

COOKS DON'T GET POISONED EVERY DAY. Bachmann eyed the other distrustfully. Dusk was coming on, and Schnotz managed to hide in the gathering darkness. You couldn't get a good look at his face. Only his nose protruded like the beak of a bird of prey between deep-set burning eyes. This was a different Schnotz from the one he had seen earlier in the day, peering out from the hole in the ground. In his eyes there was no fear but a dangerous flickering fire. Those were the eyes of a fanatic. What had happened? Bachmann wanted the whole story and no double talk. Though he was twice as big as Schnotz and at least three times his weight, he rather feared him, as he would a vicious, venomous insect. Major von Göritz was a man of honor. You could bank on his word, a man of incredible ability. When he moved into the theological seminary with his guards battalion, the place was a mess and smelled like a stable. Before leaving, the priests had broken all the windows, scraped the surface off the walls and every single table and chair, smashed every tile and piece of glass, and shat into every corner of the building. You never saw so many piles. The whole place stank like a third-class toilet in a railroad station. When we moved in, I was there from the start, we had to take out the shit with shovels and wheelbarrows, even on the top floor. For three weeks there was nothing but shit. We worked in gas masks. We burned almost two hundred pounds of incense, we found a whole room in the cellar full of incense, the brothers must have been hoarding it. Do you think it helped? Not a bit. You couldn't get rid of that stink. So help me, friend, a Belgian seminary. But von Göritz was terrific. From the very first day he set his men an example, he dove into the shit just like everybody else, like a common private, you won't believe me, friend, but I saw it with my own eyes. It didn't get him down, in fact he was always bright and gay. He set an example all right, and how. The kind of German you and I admire. He didn't care a shit—in every sense of the word. Two months later the place began to look like a human habitation. The rooms were clean and newly furnished, we helped ourselves to a whole furniture factory, the windows had been repaired, and everything sparkled with cleanliness, the way you and I remember from home.

Did you get a new bathroom? Bachmann interrupted impatiently.

Just wait, I'm coming to that. Von Göritz wasn't satisfied with the freshly painted walls and the newly furnished rooms. He finagled skilled workers and the necessary supplies, the man has amazing organizational talents, used to be in the hotel business, and had a kitchen built, brand new, freshly tiled from floor to ceiling, the workmen had to admit they'd never seen anything like it.

What about toilets? Bachmann broke in.

The kitchen was completely automatic. Even in wartime it was possible. But it takes a von Göritz. Nobody else could have done it. Well, first of all there were the potato peelers, presto change-o, press the button, turn on the water, and ten minutes later two hundred pounds of potatoes are all peeled. No dirty hands, no stiff arms. There were machines for cleaning carrots, for cutting up cabbage, and now you're going to think I'm pulling your leg: there was a machine for shelling peas, beans, and so on. Isn't that something? Yeah, that's something. Bachmann admitted.

And there was one more thing, he sent away to Paris for it: a soup mixer. A tremendous pot of course, made of shining new aluminum, naturally. You put in your meat, your parsley, your carrots, kohlrabi, chives, salt, and pepper. Dry, as is. Then you put on the lid. And you press a button. Only one button. The lid seals itself hermetically on a rubber washer, the water flows into the pot, just the right amount (he stressed these words), you sit down beside it and read a book. While you're reading, and that was the only chance we had to read, the water heats to the boiling point and in twelve to eighteen minutes, depending on the quantity, the heat shuts off. A bell rings. Man, the soup is done! (In his excitement he shouted the last words.)

In eighteen minutes you've got soup for four hundred men. And no dishwater, man, the finest meat soup. That's amazing, you'll have to admit. More, said Bachmann with glassy eyes, more about the kitchen. I won't tell you any more about the kitchen, that's enough for me. Bachmann heard the melancholy in the voice, you couldn't miss it. Schnotz rubbed his hand over his stubbly beard (which for some reason refused to grow properly) and tried to wipe away a tear unnoticed.

What's the matter?

Nothing, said Schnotz.

And you won't tell me any more about the kitchen, or about the new toilets and bathrooms. Well, if your description is on the level, I'll soon be able to see with my own eyes if you haven't been handing me a line. (In his heart, of course, Bachmann didn't doubt the story. How could he have doubted? He'd have had to dream up another kitchen and another army camp to take the place of Schnotz's lies. And he'd never have been capable of that.)

Schnotz didn't want to say any more. He was busy with a turnip and possessing only his two right canines and a third isolated tooth in his upper jaw, he had to scrape the turnip to make it digestible.

Bachmann tried to make him talk again, for under the

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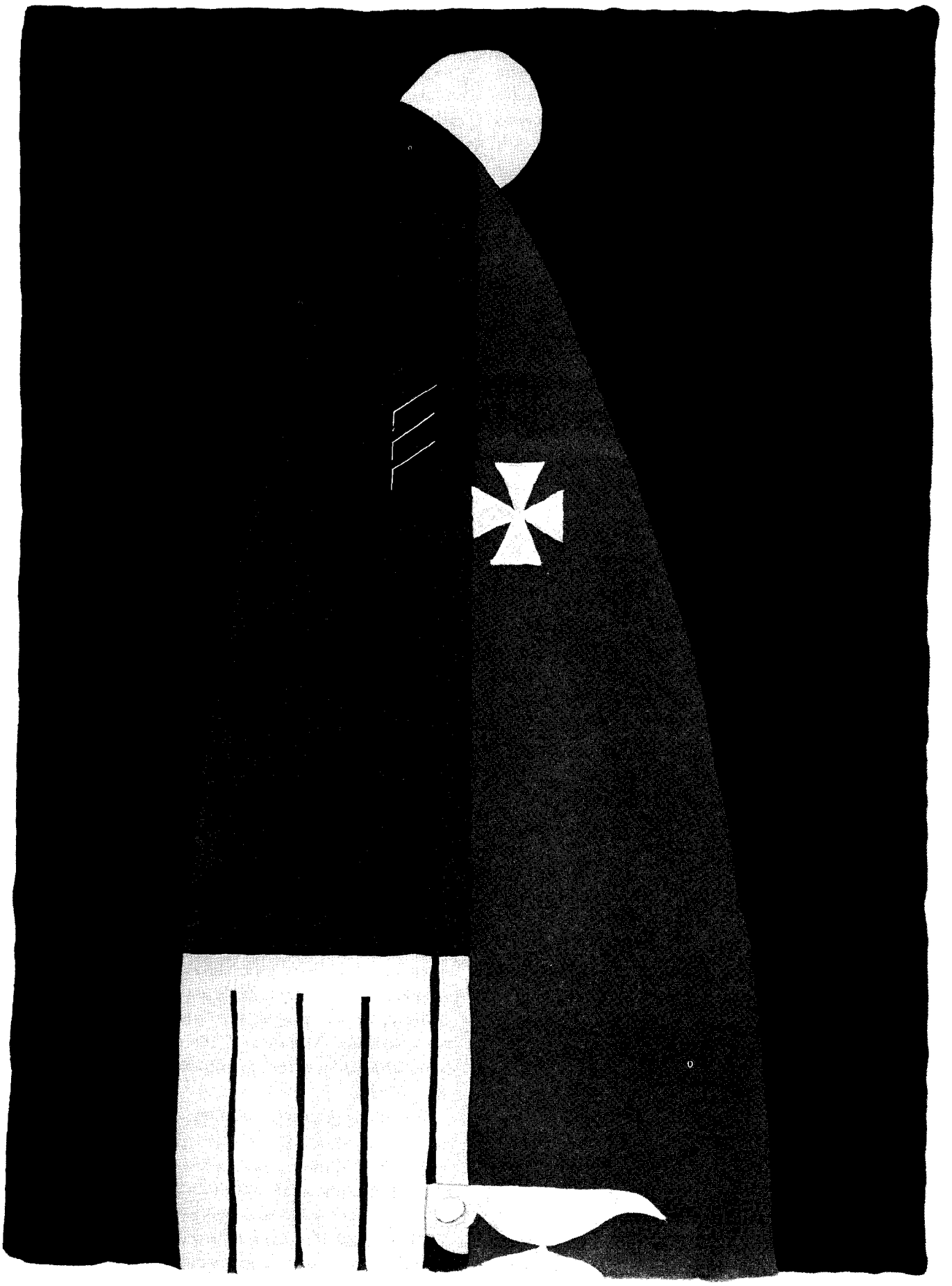

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very unusual circumstances silence struck him as dangerous.

So naturally, Schnotz, he made you chief cook and you worked the button of the soup pot, that couldn't have been so easy, naturally you must have had pretty good connections.

His voice became honey-sweet.

Let's not talk about it any more, Bachmann. Is that really your name?

Don't worry, I'm on the up and up. You can trust me, you were head cook, weren't you?

He locked me up, Schnotz sighed. Locked me up in a cage with iron bars and a feeding dish. He (he stressed the *he*) fastened me to a chain. He put manacles on my ankles, to keep me from running away. But he didn't put the chain on properly. In three days I was gone. Too bad.

Too bad? Several mushrooms were sprouting at once in Bachmann's brain. Too bad? That means he cleared out practically against his will, how much will would it take to bring him back? He made a special note of the "too bad."

What for, Schnotz? You don't get locked up for no reason. What did you do?

I, I poisoned the Belgian bastard. With piptol.

Piptol?

That's right. He didn't deserve any better. And piptol works, and how. Piptol is terrific. No cackling and howling like with arsenic. Have you ever seen the way arsenic affects people? Arsenic is all wrong. It sticks to your fingers, three weeks later you still have to keep washing your hands. Or cyanide. Cyanide is stupid. If you get a whiff of it, you conk out yourself. And it's much too quick. No, piptol's the stuff. Piptol is O.K. Your eyes crawl out of their sockets like snails and they can't get back in. (He tittered.) Your tongue gets stiff and hard as shoe leather, black leather, and your nostrils contract so tight you couldn't stick a needle in, they close up as if there'd never been any holes, your ears hang down like dry leaves, and your hands cramp up like this, they turn into claws (he demonstrated, tittering again), and then, very very slowly, you suffocate. That's piptol, friend.

And you did that, Bachmann asked in horror. He felt his nostrils contracting. Why did you do it?

Night lay over the two of them like a black blanket. Without answering Schnotz stood up, a thin beast of prey, and crept to the doorway (the door was missing). A man who uses piptol is capable of anything, you can't let him out of your sight. Bachmann followed him. The first impression is always the right one, this proves it. Bachmann stood in the doorway and saw only shadows, the darkness was almost complete. And as he dreamed drowsily into the darkness, he saw it all clearly. Plan E illumined the night inside and the darkness outside like the Northern Lights: Schnotz goes back to von Göritz. Out of gratitude von Göritz takes Bachmann in. What could be simpler? There's a plan without any hidden traps. He repeated: Bachmann brings Schnotz to von Göritz. He has a reward coming to him. What would I like in return?

He smiled. No need to answer such questions. A kitchen with white tiles from floor to ceiling. He smiled wearily. A lid that seals hermetically on a rubber washer. Just the right amount of water. Push only once, it says here in black and white. Once, not twice.

READ FOR EIGHTEEN MINUTES, maybe stretch it to twenty-five. With twenty-five minutes' reading I'll finish the last ten pages. He'd been saving up the last pages of his book *The Gold- and Silversmith* for three years, though that's the most important part, the summary. Twenty-five minutes. The bell rings. You can smell the meat soup from one end of the occupied territory to the other, it tickles the noses of the boys at the Atlantic Wall, who have to live on haddock. Congratulations, Bachmann. Thank you. He's secretly put in ten pounds of meat. For his buddies. Bachmann's done it again. Gauthier is O.K. May I sit next to you, Gauthier? Say, Bachmann, can I bunk with you? Congratulations, the soup is really first-class. Thanks, boys. I do my best. Before they have time to eat their soup, a call comes through the loudspeaker: Surprise attack! Go to it, men! Not without Gauthier, the men shout in chorus. We won't fight without Bachmann. O.K. Bachmann, you lead them! It's an emergency. He takes off his apron, exchanges his white hat for a helmet. They run like the Furies, mow down every single Russki, and recapture the position. They keep going, with Bachmann in the lead — then comes the mud and they all drown. Every one of them this time — but it's not his buddies in the swamp, it's meat and turnips. Back in the kitchen, where it's warm and cozy, a clean body, no fumes in Voroshenko. A tiled womb — you know where you're at. Nobody needs to be ashamed of me. Everything's like in the old days at home, only better. When my father's soul runs into another soul in the cemetery at night, my father asks, have you read the *Duisburger Nachrichten*? It's on the front page. The giant who held the front at Voroshenko was my son. Died like a hero.

Something grunted at Bachmann's feet, he gave a start and looked down at the little pile of human shit that called itself Schnotz, touched it with his foot to convince himself that the shell wasn't empty, and yawned. If it weren't so late, I'd have taken the guy under my arm and marched right off to von Göritz. Here, Herr Major, I'm bringing you an old friend. I wouldn't refuse a little favor

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in return. I have technical skills. Pushing buttons is my specialty.

But it was nighttime, and at night he was determined to be careful. A little fellow like that can wriggle out from under your arm and before you know it he's up a tree (he's done it once before). Schnotz had drawn his bare feet up into his pant legs and his hands into his sleeves. He'd buttoned his jacket or what was left of it over his nose.

He gave him a little kick, Schnotz let out a grunt. Bachmann was sleepy but afraid to stretch out beside the insect. He still has this one tooth. The tooth is poisonous. While I'm sleeping, he crawls around on me and bites me. Bites my hand. The left hand leads straight to the heart. How can you apply a tourniquet in a hurry when you're half asleep? Does he poison everybody? He bites my hand or maybe he even punctures the artery in my wrist. Just my luck, meeting people like that. Even if there are two sides to every calamity. This time, for instance, you could hardly call it a calamity. This little stinky Schnotz is good for a reward. All the way from the filthy hut, overgrown with weeds, he could smell the clean army camp. Schnotz went on snoring peacefully as if he were home in bed. The stinker thinks he can snore while I'm batting my brains out? Don't make me laugh. He kicked him again, harder this time, the little man still didn't stir. If force won't do it, try kindness. Schnotz went on snoring, or maybe he was only pretending. Just wait! He took his last piece of army bread, removed its newspaper wrapping, and held it under the snorer's nose. The smell of the bread woke him up, he propped himself up on the palms of his hands and (lacking the strength to wrench it out of Bachmann's hand) looked up at him imploringly. Good dog, you don't have to stand on your hind legs. I only want to know the reason why. Out with it. Why did you poison him?

He couldn't see the man's eyes, but he had a physical sensation of the gnawing in his bowels, the spittle overflowing from his mouth. First the answer, then you can take a bite.

Go on, why did you do it?

His hunger pangs made Schnotz sneeze.

So you won't talk. All right. Bachmann took a bite himself and purposely made loud, smacking sounds. When his mouth was empty, he repeated slowly: Want a bite? How about it? Insidious silence. So you won't talk. A pigheaded poisoner. O.K. He raised the bread to his mouth but to give Schnotz a last chance waited before biting into it.

Schnotz opened his mouth, a torrent of passionate words poured out:

Peter, Göritz I mean, promised me the job in the kitchen. It was the job everybody wanted most. Obviously. And why me? Because I'd earned it. I was his, you know what I mean, call it his friend. I did everything for him, really everything. I'd have gone through fire for him. That's not what he wanted. He made you attend him front and back. Oh well. Besides, I was one of the first in the battalion, I had certain rights of seniority. Nobody questioned that. Of course Schnotz would get the job. They were all willing, even Mürz. And Mürz is ambitious. He had his own candidates. Anyway, Mürz was agreed. Then like a flash of lightning the news breaks. The job goes to this jerk Leo, he doesn't know a darn thing about cooking, and anyway he's a civilian. I ask you! You think I've got no feelings? Schnotz isn't made of stone. Everybody sympathized with me, even Mürz. They were all flabbergasted, they all bitched, but you know how it is, nobody did anything. There was nothing they could do. So I had to do it. I had no choice, and when Leo kicked the bucket, nobody gave a shit. They all had an idea who had done it. Göritz chained me up, but he did such a rotten job I was able to get away. Nobody cared. But naturally they put the blame on me. Can I have a bite now?

Schnotz bit violently, but he couldn't get it down so fast. Satisfied with the story, Bachmann let him take two bites and gave him another little piece extra. He ate the rest himself. To leave no room for doubt he tore up the paper. The scraps fluttered through the room and settled on the floor like white spots. After the last crumb Schnotz took a breath: So now you know what's what — piptol, oh, it's good stuff. Tongue? Like leather. Nose? Buttoned up. Ears like an elephant's. Teeth loose, ready to spit out. Eyes out in front. Liver all mushy like a rotten watermelon. The blood that flows back into the heart is all poisoned. Flows up and down through all the arteries and veins, eating up the blood cells one by one. That's why it's so slow. It took twenty-four hours before he was dead, piptol — good stuff, Schnotz tittered, holding his hand coyly in front of his mouth. Especially in breakfast coffee. When you get up out of an officer's bed all warm as toast, you want hot coffee. Warm body and hot coffee go together.

The coffee is first-class again, he said, and licked the last drops from the corners of his mouth. And then his tongue went stiff.

Jealousy, jealousy . . . I'm not personally acquainted with it, but I've known such people. Now Bachmann was ready to lie down and sleep. He slowly seated himself, spread his coat on the floor and put his knapsack at the head end.

And another thing, said Schnotz, now carried away with enthusiasm. Piptol isn't so very expensive. I'll tell you a little secret. You can make it yourself out of crushed blackthorn leaves. You take . . .

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O.K. That'll do. Now I want to sleep. Save your story for another time.

For a while he lay on his back staring through the rafters at the night sky. Plan E shone on his tired eyes, a rational, geometric constellation like the Great Bear.

Too bad, too bad, Bachmann dreamed, there's nothing I can do to help him. He talks himself onto the gallows, he even expects people to take pity on his stupidity.

He saw letters and mathematical signs on the rafters. The sky, the walls, the woods, the Ardennes, the whole world and the universe were full of signs. G + S — S = G + B = B + R = RB. A rational Bachmann. I gain my reason, and he loses his stupidity. The signs are symbolic. If they don't mean more than meets the eye, nothing has any meaning. He read them again: G + S — S = G + B = B + R = RB. Not a letter or sign too many or too few. The equation is perfect. His mind at rest, he fell asleep.

ALTHOUGH HE ENJOYED FALLING ASLEEP, he spent a miserable night. He scratched, he slapped his legs, forehead, and chest. Beetles and spiders, and, in among them, little Schnotz (so he dreamed) were crawling all over him, biting, pinching him, and refusing to be caught. It didn't really surprise him that he couldn't catch Schnotz, because Schnotz had left a snoring dummy lying in his place, while he himself went hunting small animals in the woods. He could see him clearly: black, naked, and dirty (the dirt is camouflage) on a branch. Crawling after a squirrel, holding it by its bushy tail. And then he vanished. Then Bachmann saw himself rummaging through the autumn leaves. He found Schnotz lying on his back and hit him in the face with his stick. Then he was gone.

Tired with searching, Bachmann woke up. He stepped out of the doorway, stretched, and rubbed the sleep out of his eyes. The grass and the autumn leaves were covered with dew, birds were screeching, and it was cold. The bundle of rags behind him was snoring. If a Schnotz in the hole was a surprise, a goose in between the trees was a miracle. It stretched its neck, sniffed the air, and poked around for worms that weren't there. No mistake, it was really a goose.

Bachmann sweated with excitement. Schnotz, a goose! Schnotz, a goose!

The fifth week was starting out promisingly. Monday a man in a fox burrow, Tuesday a goose in the woods. What will tomorrow bring?

Schnotz cursed and rolled up tighter than ever. Suddenly he uncoiled from the window like a spring. A goose! A goose!

Quiet, Schnotz, quiet. He whispered: a goose!

Schnotz was speechless with excitement. He stroked his lips, he opened and closed his eyes with his fingers.

The goose about-faced. It hadn't figured on the two of them. Schnotz did a somersault for joy, hopped and leaped into the air, pretended he was going to let it escape, spread his arms and ran like a dive bomber, making engine sounds. Before Bachmann had budged, Schnotz had the bird by the throat. He squeezed with all his might, the goose screamed, unwilling to surrender to this eagle. It thrashed at Schnotz with its whole body, stemmed its feet against his chest, and hammered his nose with its beak. Hurry up, quick, give me your bayonet, Schnotz yelled. He hadn't expected the bird to fight back. Bachmann stood motionless while white and black wrestled on the ground. The knife, the knife, Schnotz shouted. Quick! Bachmann held the bayonet in his hand, he stood bewildered, he didn't want to give Schnotz the knife. The mere thought of warm, fresh blood turned his stomach. No, I can't do it. Let her go. Let her go? Are you crazy? I'll eat her alive. Give me that knife, you coward. Coward was too much. And he couldn't stand the cackling and screaming any more. Bachmann felt pity for the Lord's poor creatures. Their blubbering broke his heart. Poor dumb creature! (He felt no pity for Schnotz or for himself.) Here, said Bachmann, and handed the bayonet to Schnotz, who was fighting on his back. Here, do what you like. He turned around so as not to see the blood and he held both ears so as not to hear the last cry. He heard a high loud croaking like a human voice, and then a buzzing. A high, long-drawn-out organ whine that took a long time to die away.

Hell's bells, said Schnotz to his prey, you pretty near got me. You fought bravely, you were all right (he gave him an appreciative tap on the beak), but it didn't help you. You can't do a thing against a knife. Steel is always stronger than flesh. One is cold, the other warm — cold always wins. Bachmann leaned his shoulder against the hut and heard strangely familiar music in his ears: Oh pain, oh smart, thou'rt breaking now my stricken heart. Thou'rt gone and fled, my sweet Body, my God, now Thou art dead. Oh Lord, forgive me. I have sinned. He crossed himself. Forgive me, my sweet Jesus, I didn't mean it. It's the war. Forgive me. War makes swine of us. Pater Noster. But no one's responsible. Our Father which art. He crossed himself again.

Schnotz dragged the dead bird behind him, saw Bachmann crossing himself, and without looking at him threw the bloody knife at his feet. Then he went inside.

Bachmann stood there a while, dazed at the sacrilege, then he picked up the knife, wiped it in the grass, and followed Schnotz. Dead things didn't bother him. Dead things were like stone or glass, they didn't remind him of

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anything living. If you could only get through the couple of minutes between life and death. Only a few seconds, that's all. But how?

Maybe I'm a coward, but cowardice is inevitable in critical situations, and death is a critical situation. Then you've got to stop your eyes and ears, or you're cooked. He put the knife down on the table, took off his cap, and started plucking. Schnotz meanwhile was trying to make a fire. O.K., said Bachmann (the plucking was done), now we get to work. He picked up the knife, but dropped it right away. It's so sharp, he cried aloud. The nail they drove through His feet must have been that sharp, if not sharper.

The fire blazed up in the fireplace. Make it snappy, you churchmouse, you pious stinker, Schnotz shouted, or my fire will go out. Bachmann wasn't listening. He saw the chunks of meat piled up on the table and more heretical ideas ran through his head.

They didn't cut the Saviour in pieces, but some of his martyrs they did. HE got off easy, but not the others. (Chop, chop went the bayonet.) HE hurried on ahead, bleeding and slightly punctured, but mostly in one piece. That's why they call him the Prince of Peace. Bachmann enjoyed these religious games. In religion he allowed himself to mix things up a little, an indulgence he denied himself in all other matters. He didn't dare to take any liberties with nature, he was afraid of nature.

Men can defend themselves, but what can animals do in this world without steel and dynamite? We can riddle any animal with holes and cut it up. With people it's different, I don't know why, but it's not the same. Men are men, they have reason and weapons.

And you're a donkey, said Schnotz, a yellow swine. If the goose had killed me, you'd have said your three Pater Nosters. You're a degenerate. Men are men, he aped Bachmann, but you're not one of them. You're going to come to a bad end. You'll be lucky if there's anything left of you, even shit.

Schnotz didn't look exactly human himself. Blood-spattered, feathers all over his cheeks. His scrawny neck scrawnier than ever, growing out of his collar like a withered vine. His neck had to carry a head that was too big and wobbled dangerously when he talked. His piercing black eyes, his protruding cheekbones in a face from which starvation had gnawed every ounce of flesh and fat, gave him, as it had the night before, the appearance of a fallen bird of prey. His nose was thin, flat and hooked — a vulture.

Me a creature? Me a donkey? Can a donkey suffer when a poor goose's throat is cut? A donkey has no pity. I'm not a donkey, but he's raving mad. And the consolation of not being a donkey reconciled him with Schnotz's nasty words. That consolation meant more to him than poking Schnotz in the jaw. While they were cooking the goose, the aroma appeased them, they concluded a kind of truce. Schnotz even grew talkative, he told stories about his life. He reeled off everything that came into his head and finally intimated with a titter that Göritz would give anything to lay hands on him, Schnotz. For a Schnotz at large, a Schnotz capable of telling a court-martial about Göritz's private life, would mean the end of the Major.

Plan E lay cleverly hidden behind Bachmann's white, bloated face. It lay beneath the roots of the blond fuzz on his all but bald skull and lurked insidiously in the nostrils of his stout Breughel nose. When the iron kettle with the steaming fragrant goose (cooked up in a broth with turnips and onions) stood between them, Schnotz suddenly had an idea: All right, Gauthier, out with it and don't lie to me: now that you know all about it, are you going to hand me over to Göritz? Bachmann hadn't expected that question. The truth, it occurred to him, is always more effective than a lie, and what interests me is the final outcome. The thought of that kitchen, that peaceful sanitarium atmosphere in the former theological seminary, drove him wild. Yes, said Bachmann, there's only one thing for me to do.

What?

I've got to take you with me. Why did you tell me all that? You twisted your own rope. I've got to be a soldier again or I'll go to the dogs. Didn't you know that?

Schnotz was silent for a moment. Then the words came slowly: No, that's something I couldn't have dreamed.

But that's how it is, friend. As soon as we're through eating, I'm taking you away. Schnotz laughed: Anyway you've got a sense of humor. I've got to hand you that.

First, let's eat. Who gets the liver?

I get the liver, said Schnotz drily.

No, Schnotz, the liver is mine.

Would you like my leg instead, take the leg.

No, I'm not interested in the leg.

The breast.

No, not the breast.

How about the neck?

Certainly not the neck.

What would you like then?

The liver.

The liver? Oh no, that's settled. I get the liver.

They glared in silence, they were ravenous.

What would you say to my wing?

Keep your wing.

Hell, wing is good.

I don't want a wing.

Skin?

No.

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Heart?

Never.

Leg? Schnotz asked slowly.

I've already told you. And not your neck or breast or wing, either, but . . .

I know, Schnotz leaned forward and gave Bachmann a piercing look, I know: the liver. But that's mine. Is it my goose or isn't it?

It's not your goose, Schnotz.

I don't think I've got you straight.

I repeat. It's not your goose, Schnotz.

Then whose is it?

It's our goose. Yours and mine. Or actually the other way around. I saw it first.

Saw it, yes. But I made it into something edible. If it weren't for me, it'd still be cackling and you'd still be saying your prayers.

Prove it.

Schnotz stood up. He had taken courage, the courage of despair. See here, Bachmann, somebody's got to tell you. You're contemptible, repulsive, and cowardly. You're a coward. I've told you before, and I say it again. A coward. If it hadn't been for me, you wouldn't even have picked up your bayonet, you only carry it around for decoration, and you'd never have cut the goose's throat. Don't argue. If I hadn't killed the goose, you wouldn't even have had a wing, because living geese are no good to eat. Besides, they flap their wings. See what I mean, they're inedible.

Bachmann stood up too, and to give his words greater emphasis he went around the table.

I found the goose, Schnotz, I repeat, I and not you. You were still snoring, maybe you were even dreaming about this goose. But you can't eat the liver of a dream goose, Schnotz. You can die of hunger in your sleep, it's been known to happen.

IMPRESSED BY HIS OWN SPEECH, Bachmann sat down and relished his enemy's confusion. Why does he go on arguing, he wondered, in twenty-four hours Plan E will be carried out, and he'll be sitting in a cage. Schnotz, who had suffered humiliation all his life because of his feeble puny body and no less because of his name, wasn't concerned with the liver, but with the principle. He had fought that goose to the death — to deny him his reward was an insult, a slap in the face. Bachmann, on the other hand, wasn't the least bit concerned with the principle, but only with the liver, for one good reason: he was especially fond of goose liver. Another consideration may have been that he wasn't going to take orders from a deserter and pervert. In a calm, deep, and almost weary voice he said: Don't you touch that liver.

The liver, Bachmann — Schnotz tried on his meanest smile and gave himself an air of having dreamed up a really sly stratagem — will be mine to eat and no one else's.

Maybe, said Bachmann, casting a forceful look across the table out of his small lusterless eyes, maybe some other time. But not today.

He reached into the iron kettle, past the liver, took his wing and started smacking his lips. To rile Bachmann, Schnotz reached in too, touched the liver provokingly for about two seconds with the little finger of his right hand. Then he took his wing . . .

They ate in silence, occasionally wiping the juice off their mouths with their sleeves, and looked at each other.

Schnotz contemptuous and challenging, Bachmann serene and self-assured. Bachmann had the larger teeth (by comparison Schnotz's toothless mouth ground very slowly) and was through with his wing in a few minutes. He played with the little bones in his right hand and waited. He glanced into the pot and even let one eye come to rest on the liver. He smelled the broth, registered the daggers in his adversary's eyes, and still didn't reach in. But when he raised his head, Schnotz, quick as a salamander, reached past Bachmann's nose, grabbed something brown, and looked up smiling. Bachmann's anger did him good. But it wasn't the liver he was chewing on, it was the heart, and he kept spitting out bitter pieces. Bachmann broke the breast into two halves and took his share. The breast kept him busy. He removed the thick layer of meat and bit into it like a sandwich. Schnotz took his leg and the other half of the breast, made as if he were going to say something, but said nothing, because silence struck him as slier than speaking, and only belched. Then he gave a broad grin.

To Bachmann bad manners were the true sign of low origins.

You and I are cut from different wood, said Bachmann. At home in East Prussia I bet you people shat at the table.

That's right, said Schnotz. We're only plain peasants, it's perfectly normal. But we kept Rhinelanders, they had to get down on all fours, we used them for benches.

Watch your step, said Bachmann, I'm of Flemish descent myself, but a Rhinelander wouldn't take kindly to such remarks.

But that's the way it was back home. We used Flemings, male and female, for farm horses.

You've got a pretty loose tongue on you for a man with only twenty-four hours ahead of him. Do you realize how painful it is when the rope is too thin? That can be very unpleasant. Besides, the jiggling gives you heartburn.

He reached into the pot, took his leg and in two bites had devoured everything but the bone before Schnotz had finished his half breast.

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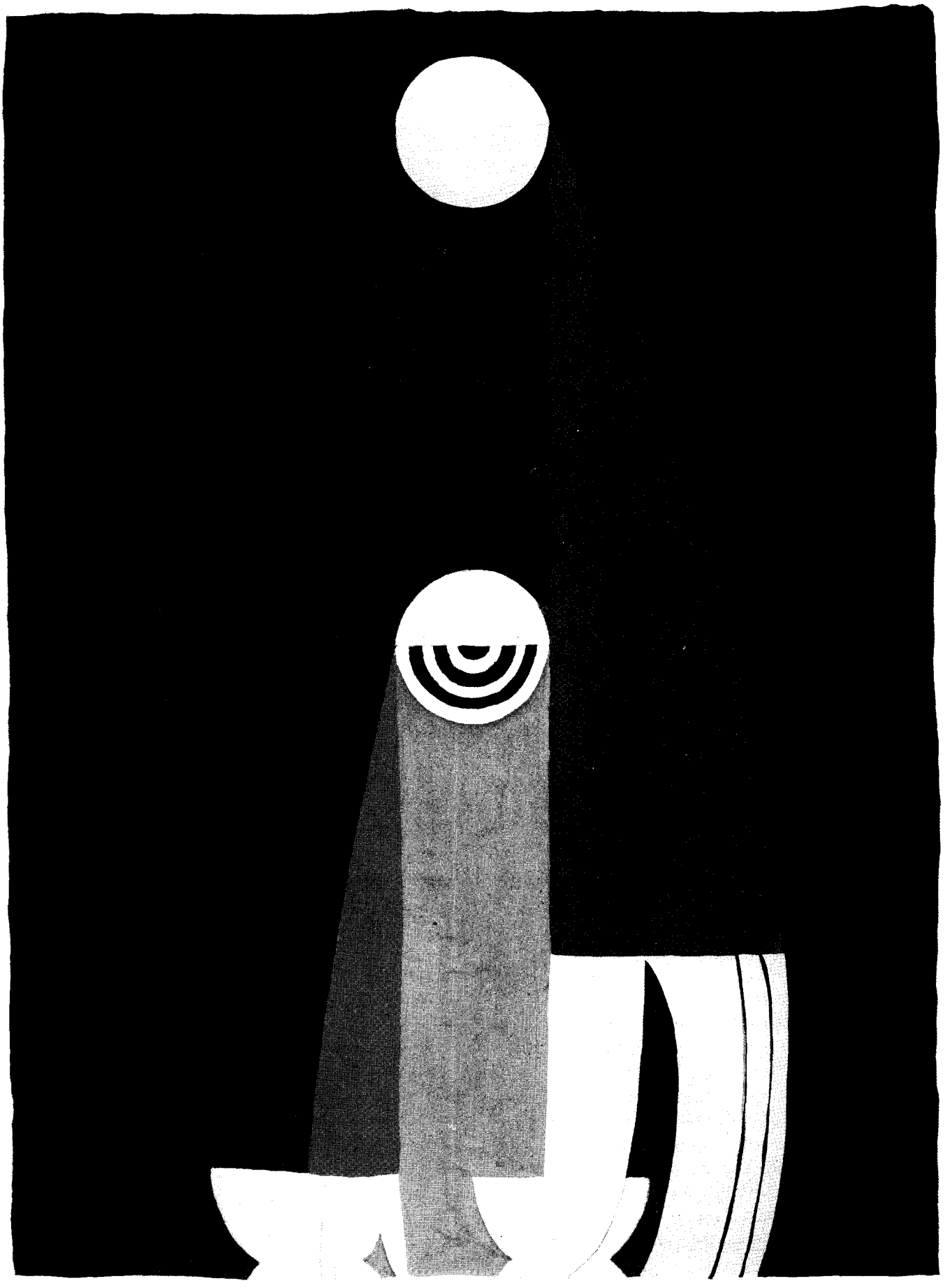

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Nothing was left of the goose but two piles of bones, they spooned up the broth, sometimes with onions, sometimes with turnips. Lonely as a foundling, the liver lay brown and fragrant in the pot, as forsaken and innocent as a dead soul. Schnotz and Bachmann held their hands on the table edge; sprinters before the starting gun, motionless, hypnotized by invisible eyes. A cuckoo called in the wood.

Bachmann swept away something invisible with his hand, Schnotz misunderstood the gesture and instantly his hand was in the pot. Like a long hairy pair of tweezers his thumb and forefinger dipped in — but he had underestimated Bachmann's strength and presence of mind. Grabbing Schnotz by the wrist so hard that he screamed, Bachmann raised his left hand, reached into the pot, seized the liver and popped it into his mouth with the speed of lightning. It happened so fast that Schnotz saw nothing but distended cheeks and tight-pressed lips. It being a good-sized liver, Bachmann couldn't move either his tongue or his jaws at first. His hand still gripped his enemy's wrist. Schnotz tried to tear himself loose, but escaped only by bringing down Bachmann's elbow on the table with all his might. He held his aching wrist. Bastard, he hissed, bastard.

Bachmann was unable to answer, the liver stopped his mouth, he held the back of the chair with his left hand and felt armed. He chewed slowly, but watched the other closely. His almost lifeless eyes observed the other's slightest movement. You'll pay for this, if it costs me my neck. You're going to be court-martialed. Bachmann had just swallowed the last morsel, he licked the corners of his mouth and said in a very loud voice:

Not me, Schnotz. You're the one that's going to be court-martialed. He opened his belt buckle. Wise up, Schnotz, wise up before it's too late. Admit you're a fool, a half-wit, you've put yourself in my hands. I can do what I like with you now. And because I can do what I like, I'm going to be generous. I won't hand you over. Schnotz said nothing. His silence floated between the two of them like icebergs off the coast of Greenland. You could feel it hammering against his temples, you could feel the lust for vengeance nestling in the hollows of his eyes under his low forehead, tugging from within at the corners of his mouth and pulling them down. His legs wobbled.

You look like an old Hun, Bachmann chortled. The East Prussians are really Poles if not Mongols. You look like Satan in person. You're a riot.

Schnotz was silent. Bloodlust lurked like a vulture in his innards. If I bite through the bastard's stomach, he thought, I'll get my liver, even if it makes me sick. Injustice must be paid for. Your days are numbered too, said Schnotz, clutching the inside of both sleeves with his fingers and rubbing his nose with both sleeves at once. I'll tame you yet, you'll dance like a circus horse when you feel my spurs.

Bachmann felt the spurs in his hips and the iron of the bit cut into the corners of his mouth. His chest heaved, the down on his scalp blew in the breeze. He turned horse completely, and now he was a horse he could trample anybody underfoot. Certainly this Schnotz. A kick in the stomach, a kick in the head, a leap over the fence, and off and away into the open fields.

Let's make peace again, Schnotz, he held out his right hand, but for good this time. The liver is in here, he pointed to his stomach, and to give his words emphasis, he overturned the empty pot. He kept his hand outstretched.

Schnotz pushed the hand aside. You won't have any peace with me, not now or as long as you live. You were stronger and quicker, and that's why you've got to pay. Brute force has got to knuckle under. Every horse has to belong to a man.

Don't you talk about men, you no good bum. Your hash will be settled quick, I'm not letting you out of my sight. I've thought it over, I'll let mercy prevail over justice, I won't take you with me. For my money you can stay here and starve. As soon as I get to von Göritz everything will be all right with me. So thank your stars. Plan E can wait. Tomorrow morning I'm shoving off — without you. Meanwhile let's saw some wood, so we don't freeze tonight. He pushed Schnotz out the door with one hand. The saw sang with the shrill voice of a bird, the logs fell to the ground with a dull thud. They plied the saw with might and main and looked past each other. Schnotz, who with every tug of the saw cut off a chunk of Bachmann, saw blood dripping to the ground, Bachmann heard angel voices in the choir of the church of St. Nicholas at the Berner Arch. He was pleased with himself. He had won and forgiven the vanquished. He had sacrificed his own plan and practiced charity like a good Christian. Life was good again, it was a remote childhood in a sailor suit, it was a flowerbedecked team of horses on the way to First Communion, a seat between father and mother, a white scarf and a candle decorated with ribbons, it rang like church bells and smelled of incense. The taste of the wafer on his palate, candy-sweet and yet a trifle bitter, like a liver, a strange taste, nothing tasted as good as the bittersweet body of our Lord Jesus Christ. With tears of compassion the Madonna holds the Holy Child (my mother never held me that well, even as a baby I was too heavy) — mercy and kingdom come, amen and hallelujah for all eternity.

The louder grew the jubilation within him, the heavier he felt, his intoxication was too overpowering to last, it

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ebbed, it drained off like bath water, and in the end his joy turned to a bestial melancholy from which there was no escape. He'd have liked to run away, the impending afternoon held sinister prospects in store for him. It wasn't Schnotz's fury and vengeance he feared, but his easy victory over his enemy, his own strength and dexterity. The sadder he grew, the more sluggish became his movements, and finally he stopped altogether. He left the saw wedged in the wood and sat down. He propped his head in his hands and sat there, hearing and seeing nothing of what was going on around him. The noonday was sultry. Regular snoring issued from the hut. He stood up and crept in for his knapsack. Though he had been expecting just this, Schnotz didn't wake up right away. It was only after going some two hundred yards that Bachmann heard a scampering, a rustling and coughing behind him.

THE FORMER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, now occupied by a guards battalion under von Göritz, was situated in a large well-kept park, at the end of a broad avenue. The peace and seclusion of the place suggested a sanitarium rather than a military installation. When Bachmann and Schnotz presented themselves at the gate, the sentry rang Master Sergeant Mürz asking him to come out and arrest Schnotz officially — at his own request. My goodness, if it isn't Xaver! Won't the chief be pleased! You won't believe me, Schnotzi, but we'd given you up for missing, we thought you'd starved to death. Yesterday we saw your smoke. I said to the chief, Herr Major, there's smoke going up in the woods. Should we take a look? Forget it, he says, don't bother me with that cripple. What do I need a poisoner for? (Schnotz went deathly pale.) He'll kick in all by himself. And now, Schnotzi, you nitwit, we'll have to shoot you. Well, it can't be helped. And now get moving. Back to your cage!

Schnotz was led away under triple guard. Bachmann and Mürz sauntered along behind him over the raked gravel path, past flowering magnolia bushes. When they came to the building, Bachmann couldn't help himself, he followed the kitchen smell. The kitchen was in the cellar. The windows were open. Not only was the aroma overpowering — roast pork — but the tiled walls, the immaculately clean tunics and hats of the kitchen staff, and most of all the freshly polished aluminum pots all but took his breath away. The stone flags of the floor, so clean that they mirrored the pots, made him weak with joy. The sight of this model kitchen gave him a glorious sense of security. So he wasn't lying, said Bachmann, it's even more beautiful than I imagined. Lord, how beautiful it is. Here I'd like to stay. Come along, said Mürz, the chief doesn't live in the kitchen. If you want to see him, you got to make it fast, or he'll close up shop. It's almost closing time. Did you find Schnotz, or did you just happen to run into him? He's got something coming to him. Turn Schnotz in and stay with the regiment, said Bachmann, that was Plan E. You could say that it developed all by itself.

Mürz looked at the giant suspiciously: Go on, he said, you were smart. Have you got the same tendencies as Schnotzi? No, not I, Sergeant, I have no tendencies at all. My regiment's disappeared and I'm looking for another. So far I haven't had any luck.

Sure, sure, you giant, you've got a good build on you. So you need a regiment. We'll fix you up. Would our guard battalion suit you? It's nice and quiet here. Bachmann looked at Mürz, his voice trembled, and he clutched his hand: If you could do something for me, Mürz, I'd be eternally thankful.

You bet, said Mürz, disengaging himself from the handclasp. Then he delivered Bachmann to the chief.

HERR VON GÖRITZ LOOKED SO WELL-GROOMED that he might have been taken (in civilian clothes) for a hotel manager. He was a man in his middle thirties with a short, well-cut face. His blond hair, wavy at the sides, smelled discreetly of violets. He gave the impression of a pleasant, cultivated man. With shrewd, nervous eyes he surveyed Bachmann who sat before him with cap in hand like a petitioner. There was no sign of homosexuality in von Göritz, his well-groomed exterior was not effeminate. His voice and gestures were quite masculine and normal. The pleasure he took in dealings with young men was the result not of any physical disposition but of intellectual arrogance. He couldn't bear women because of their stupidity, they bored him. There was nothing complicated about his relations with men, he changed them like shirts. He had been married for twelve years, a happy childless marriage of convenience (his wife was a doctor and like himself had inherited a private fortune). In civilian life von Göritz was a real estate administrator (he held a degree in engineering). The news that Schnotz had been brought in had irritated rather than angered him. Living or dead, the fellow was a matter of utter indifference to him, like the regiment, his wife, and the war. Of all things in life this war was the most repugnant to him. Its motives were idealistic, that is, irrational, unrelated to victory or defeat. He saw war as full employment with disastrous consequences. A kind of schoolboy roughhouse, culminating in nothing but bloody noses and torn clothing. He favored no ideology or philosophy and was opposed to all religions and mass movements. Stupidity offended his esthetic sensibilities. He looked on the whole world around him with

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the same ironic smile as he now wore in examining Bachmann's papers. He handed them back and said: Oh well, you're due to be discharged. There's just one thing I don't understand: what are you still chasing around here for? Why don't you go home?

My regiment, Herr Major, it vanished off the face of the earth in Voroshenko, it drowned in the mud as if it had never been there. It was simply gone. When I woke up in the hospital in Oppeln, it was gone. I'd have let well enough alone if I'd known it was *final*, that it would never rise up again. But then the day they took the bandage off my head, somebody in the next bed said: Bachmann, that's rubbish. A whole regiment can't disappear. It's only been decimated, but they must have patched it up afterward. So it still exists. That you're still alive proves nothing.

And that's the truth. That I'm alive proves nothing. God has given me a second chance. I've got to do my duty. God, if you'll forgive me for saying so, has singled me out. I have chosen you, my dear Gauthier, to prove yourself a second time. Your comrades are dead, so this time you must try and see if you can't succeed in dying. That's why I don't want to be discharged, that would be insane.

Von Göritz understood at once that he was dealing either with a clever dissimulator or with an unfortunate victim of the battlefield. Pleased with his exordium, Bachmann leaned back in his chair. We all have our Voroshenkos, von Göritz said, I mean our lost battles we escape from by the skin of our teeth. We have no business tempting fate a second time. Be sensible, try to forget the whole business. Forget? That was the lowest, most brutal suggestion of all. Forget Voroshenko? He could feel Voroshenko in every fiber. Each one of his organs was a hill or a valley, each one of his blood corpuscles was a dead comrade. Forget Voroshenko? Never as long as he lived. Yes, if you could tear open the earth and call all the fallen back to life, if you could turn that parcel of Russian soil inside out like the lining of a coat — then gladly. Then I'll forget Voroshenko.

We can't stand the world on its head for you, Herr Bachmann. And just imagine what confusion there'd be if we raised all the dead, don't you think there are enough people as it is?

I can't judge that, Herr Major, said Bachmann with a voice from the tomb, I have no firsthand knowledge of that. But in any case, there's a war going on right now, isn't there? And in wartime I want to serve like everybody else. I could go back to my trade, I have a good trade: gold- and silversmith — we're descended from an old family of gold- and silversmiths. But would that be right? Originally we were Flemings. From Ghent. My first name is French, and I'm a German. That makes me a real European. Germanic and Aryan to the core. Not a drop of the wrong kind of blood. Besides we're Christians. Devout Christians.

You couldn't do any better, said von Göritz and suddenly had an idea. This fellow might come in handy. What have you got in your knapsack?

Bachmann removed the contents of the worn-out knapsack slowly and carefully. Von Göritz leafed through the book, *The Gold- and Silversmith*, published by Anton Graussbart in Göttingen in 1907. A textbook for students at the Dresden School of Applied Art.

An excellent book, Herr Major.

Isn't it a little out of date?

Not in the least. These things don't date. Recently, it's true, they've obtained excellent results in Munich with nickel steel electrodes, but the Heppler alloy is, and remains, the soundest method. Heppler can't be praised too highly. It's true that a certain admixture of F_2B and basalt dust is inevitable, but that doesn't impair the gold content or the sheen in any way. Malleable fine gold, we might as well face it, is still very much in demand, and it offers two advantages that shouldn't be underestimated: a high degree of brilliance and minimal waste. What more can you ask? Point two percent isn't much, is it?

I haven't the faintest idea, Herr Bachmann. No, point two percent can't be very much, that much seems certain. And von Göritz had arrived at another certainty: This giant is a conceited fool who wants everybody to like him.

Can you shoot?

I've got the gold sharpshooter's badge, Herr Major. That ought to be good enough. He displayed the badge.

The badge is genuine, said von Göritz drily, you've convinced me. I'll make you a proposition, Sergeant Bachmann, though I can't promise you anything, give us a sample of your marksmanship tomorrow morning, and if everything goes well, maybe I'll let you stay here a little longer. If you're really any good, there might be a spot for you in our battalion. I can't make any promises and you are under no obligation either.

The beginning is always hard, Bachmann thought, but at least it's a beginning. If he can use me for hunting, he'll end up keeping me here for good. That kind of thing can always be arranged, if it's done from above.

Rabbits or partridges? Bachmann asked. Just say the word.

Neither. Von Göritz stood up. First he looked out the window at Sergeant Mürz, who lay smoking in the grass, faithful to his master and waiting to be called. Then he turned to Bachmann.

Neither rabbits nor partridges. We'll start tomorrow with a Belgian who will be executed for sabotage and high treason. Then the day after tomorrow we have a German

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soldier, a deserter. I can never find more than five volunteers, and Mürz is too expensive. I need six. Are you with us?

It's a beginning, Bachmann said to himself, and one good turn deserves another.

With pleasure, Herr Major. Traitors and deserters suit me fine. Frankly, hunting rabbits and partridges doesn't appeal to me. The poor things.

Then I can count on you?

Yes, sir. I've been getting out of practice. For the last six months, I've just been traveling around.

And what did you do in the woods?

Ate goose with Schnotz. Xaver Schnotz. I think he knows you. But I got the liver.

You're all right, Sergeant. And not as incurable as some people think. Anyway tomorrow morning. And then we'll see. Von Göritz tapped on the windowpane. Mürz threw away his cigarette and double timed around the corner.

Sergeant Mürz, give this man a bed and take him to the kitchen. See that he gets a good meal. I'm afraid we haven't any special beds for people your size, Bachmann, but I hope you'll sleep all right regardless.

Bachmann packed up his things in his knapsack, saluted, and about-faced. Saluting in itself gave him a sense of well-being. The elbow is bent at a 45 degree angle, the outstretched hand is raised to the hairline above — but never touching — the right eye. The soldierly, pleasant, and so typically masculine sensation induced by this posture did him good.

Just one thing more, Sergeant Bachmann, at ten you'll find me here over a glass of beer. It's a muggy evening. I invite you to join me.

MUGGY, HELL, SAID Mürz on the way to the kitchen. Faggy is more like it. You've started up pretty good with the major. (You're not as dumb as you look.) He wants something out of you, like to bet.

Really? Bachmann asked.

Yes, really. And I'll tell you something else: Tomorrow morning you're going to knock a man off. Am I right? Horning in on my business. Never mind. But it's not very nice of you.

Why, what do you mean?

Don't be so innocent. Have you any idea what a headache I have rounding up five volunteers every time? It costs him five hundred marks a throw.

Bachmann was extremely pained at having antagonized Mürz so unexpectedly. He tried to make up.

But see here, Sergeant, I'm only obeying orders.

Bachmann, it was easy to see, had no experience with offended Austrians. An offended Austrian must never, never on any account, show a conciliatory attitude toward the offender, even though he usually forgets in three seconds who has offended him and why. Accordingly Bachmann failed to see why Mürz should be growing steadily more malignant.

You can't pull the wool over my eyes, you think I don't know your kind? You think Schnotz didn't tell me all about you? The act you put on to get away from the front, and how smart you were, always managing to tuck yourself away in some mental hospital.

But then they got your number, they were going to send you back, so you showed your true colors. You sneaked into a shower room and attacked a couple of minors, so they'd put you down for a pervert. But it didn't get you anywhere. Then you pinned on some phony medals and played Napoleon. Then you raped an officer in the train and claimed he owed your father something. And when all that didn't help, you hid in a soldier's grave until they dug you up and gave you a kick in the ass. I have to hand it to you, you got plenty of ideas.

Bachmann was indignant: it's not true, that's a lot of slander. The major asked me, I couldn't turn him down.

You want to shove off tonight? You crazy? Nothing doing, you'll leave here when we want you to. You've taken on this job, now you'll have to go through with it.

We've got good healthy air around here, said Mürz as he was turning to leave, almost like Semmering. Only it doesn't agree with everybody. Enjoy your dinner.

THERE HAVE BEEN SOME CHANGES since this afternoon, Bachmann. I've petitioned the supreme commander of the Western front to pardon the German soldier. In other words, there may be no more work for you the day after tomorrow. Bachmann was sitting on a little iron chair beside von Göritz. That's a bad beginning, he mused. The beer didn't taste right, and he couldn't see much sign of the wholesome air Mürz had mentioned. Everything smelled of violets and cigars. It was a bright spring night. On the chestnut trees white blossoms lay like snow. A stray plane buzzed in the sky.

My petition for the Belgian has been turned down, and my men aren't very experienced.Von Göritz paused briefly. I'd like the man to die from one shot, in the middle of his heart.

Just like this. He stuck a match through an empty box, it made a slight crackle. Just like this, Bachmann, at the first shot.

I've got the gold badge, Herr Major.

The distance is fifty paces, Sergeant.

That's no distance.

I don't want him to suffer, is that clear?

A traitor and saboteur?

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But a friend. What I'm telling you now I'll deny later: He set off an explosion that cost 235 German soldiers their lives . . .

Horrible, Bachmann interrupted.

Not in the least. Plain justice. 235 rats the less. It's the Belgians' country. We're intruders.

Permit me to interrupt you, Herr Major. 235 soldiers are 235 human beings. A murderer is a murderer, even if his motive is political. The 235 left 235 relatives. Hundreds of orphans who weren't to blame for the war, any more than the men themselves. I can't understand your sentimentality.

It's perfectly possible that you don't understand, Bachmann. But we have no feeling about hundreds, especially if their cause doesn't mean anything to us. With an individual it's different.

Because he's your friend.

Because he's my friend. Exactly. You're free to choose. Do you wish to take part tomorrow or not? I can't save him.

Why, certainly. The man deserves to die.

You'll hit him straight in the heart . . .

You have my word.

I'll show my gratitude. And now good night, Sergeant Bachmann. Von Göritz stood up. Bachmann also stood up. They shook hands. Von Göritz went in. Bachmann sat down again. He mulled things over: They make him a major. Homosexual, effeminate, sentimental, and people like me get sent home. No wonder the whole front is cracking up. The decline of the West has already begun. Anyway, I've got to get up at five.

CHRIST ALMIGHTY, WHERE ARE MY SHOES? I shouldn't have taken them off. The jeep was outside the window and all the men, including Mürz, had climbed in. But Bachmann couldn't find his shoes. They were supposed to be in the quarry by five-thirty. Hey, Bachmann, Mürz shouted, shake a leg.

Bachmann leaned out the window. My shoes are gone.

The men in the car had to hold fast to their rifles, they were doubled up with laughter.

It's no joke, Bachmann yelled, my shoes! Somebody's swiped them. The laughter grew louder.

He crawled under all the beds, rummaged through the lockers, looked in the trash baskets. No sign of any shoes.

Mürz stormed into the room and shouted: It's five-thirty, what did you do with your shoes?

Put them under the bed.

And somebody stole them. Is that what you're trying to say? See here, soldier, I don't like your attitude. You've only been here one day and already you're making trouble. There's no thieves in this outfit, Mürz roared. Here, try these. He produced a pair of shoes from behind his back. Maybe they'll fit you.

Well, thank the Lord, Bachmann sighed. That's them. They're mine.

Oh no, brother, they're not yours. Somebody left them standing here. But you can have them for ten marks. I'll put it in the Christmas savings box.

Ten marks? For my own shoes? He sniffed at them. They're mine. I swear they are.

Shut up. They're not yours. Ten marks. Make up your mind. You can't report in bare feet.

He put the second shoe down in front of Bachmann.

They look so familiar.

Shoes always look familiar. It's twenty minutes to six.

But I haven't got ten marks.

Doesn't matter, put them on quick. You'll owe me.

Bachmann put the shoes on. I don't like to run up debts.

Everybody has debts. You can't serve on a firing squad with bare feet. It's not allowed. You owe me ten marks and you'd better pay up soon.

The car sped downhill over a narrow logging road, then jolted over several miles of open fields. A hill came in sight, surmounted by chimneys and iron frames, and off to the right of it lay the stone quarry, white and steep like the cliffs of Dover. Next to Bachmann sat fat little Kaiser, coughing incessantly. No reason, he coughed, why your whole day should be ruined for ten marks, after breakfast we're off duty. Don't take it so hard.

I still don't get it. Last night I put my shoes under the bed, and this morning I have to buy a pair. I'm not crazy. I'm not going to pay for my own shoes.

No one answered. Only Kaiser, who felt the need of distraction, said: You weren't wearing any shoes. I noticed that yesterday as soon as you came in.

I wasn't wearing any shoes? You're getting me mixed up with Schnotz. He was barefoot.

How could anybody get you mixed up with Schnotz?

The men grinned. Mürz turned around and said: Instead of being glad that I find you a pair of shoes, all you do is cry on our shoulders. You'd think ten marks were a fortune.

It's the principle, Sergeant, the principle.

You with your principle. Here we are at the quarry. First let's get to work, we can talk later.

A LITTLE MAN WHO LOOKED strikingly like Schnotz, though half his face was hidden by a blindfold, leaned trembling against the white wall as Mürz read the sentence. When he turned around, the figure looked familiar to Bachmann. The sentence (high treason, sabotage) didn't apply. They raised

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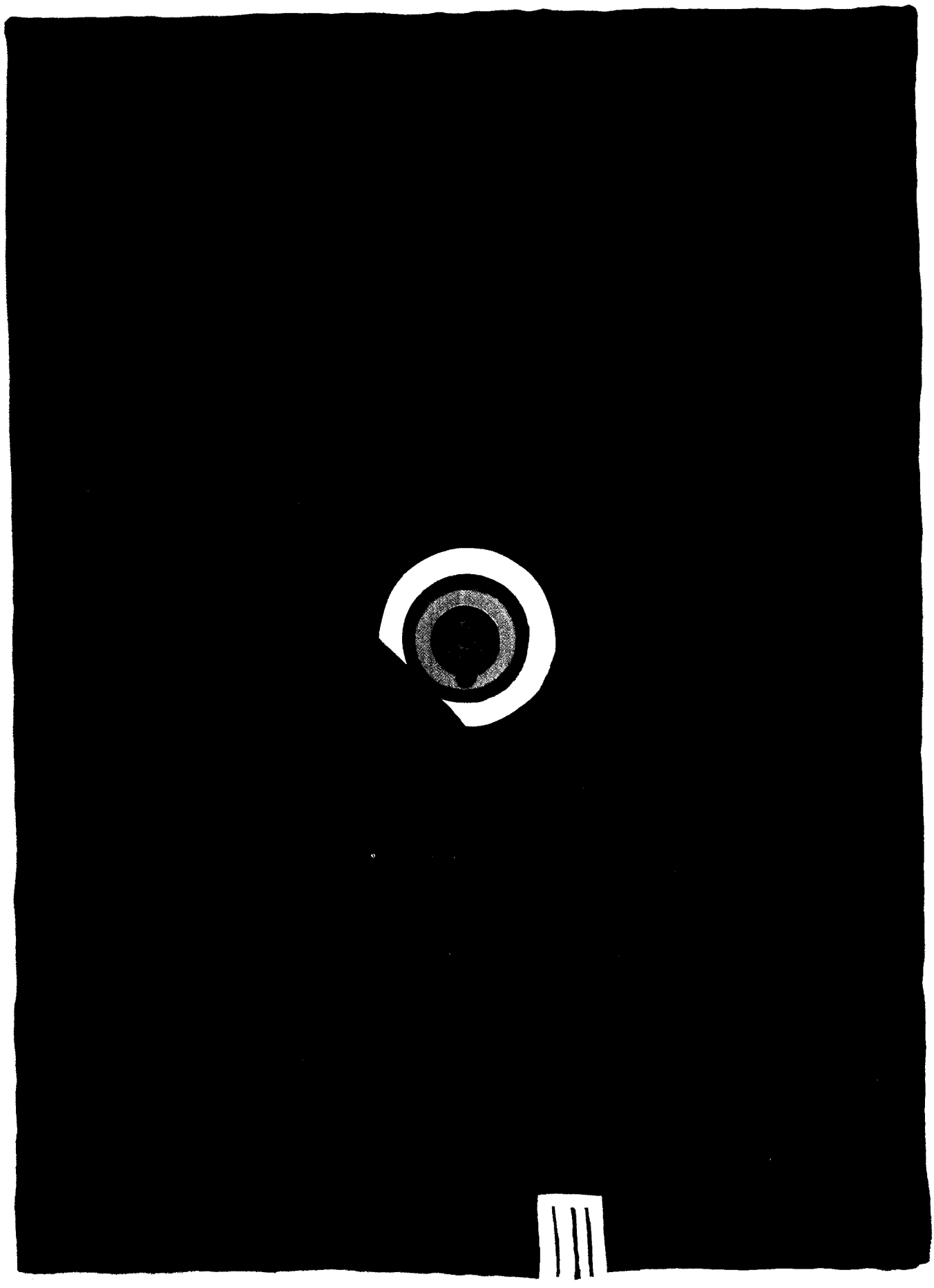

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their rifles. The figure by the wall slumped, he was almost kneeling. Bachmann broke out in a sweat. I promised to put a bullet through his heart, he suddenly froze with terror, I promised more than I can deliver. He aimed below the left shoulder blade. I can't do more than that. If he doesn't die at the first shot, it's the end of my career. Mürz is bound to report it. Fire! somebody cried. Bachmann pressed the trigger. He lowered his rifle and went pale with fear: The others hadn't even raised theirs. The six of them were staring at him without a word.

You said fire, Bachmann stammered.

I? Mürz asked. I said fire? I was only telling the boy here he looked tired. Now look what you've done. His feet carried him to the wall. The six pressed behind him. When they came to the fallen man, Bachmann's eyes looked for a way out, but all he saw was low-hanging branches and above them a gray sky. His escape route was cut off. Mürz had turned the body over with his foot, he knelt down and took off the dead man's blindfold. It was Schnotz and he wasn't dead, but dying.

Kamerad Schnotz. Bachmann knelt beside the dying man and closed his eyes. Kamerad Schnotz, they've taken us both in. He crossed himself, folded his hands and began to pray. Not quite dead, Schnotz moved his lips, Bachmann clasped his hands and bent down close to the lips, his nose touching Schnotz's left ear. Then he stood up and moved on, praying.

What did he say? Mürz yelled behind Bachmann, what did he say? Bachmann didn't answer. He went on praying.

While three of the men carried the dead Schnotz to the jeep, Mürz, hands on hips, stood behind Bachmann and roared at him. I'm in charge of executions around here, see? Ask my men. You think I'm going to let a newcomer take over? You don't know me. Murderer! What did Schnotz say? he added more calmly.

That's my secret. Our Father which art.

Postscript *by Maxwell Geismar*

JUST ABOUT THIS TIME last year, in reviewing Jakov Lind's *Soul of Wood* for the New York Times Book Review section, I found myself declaiming that this Austrian-born artist was "the most notable short-story writer to appear in the last two decades." Yet when the Times sent back my review, urging me to moderate my enthusiasm, I was unable to. I could only state that this was the fact and I would stand by it. It *is* a fact, and Mr. Lind's new novel, *Landscape in Concrete*, confirms it. I read this new book with the same mixture of terror, horror, laughter and a kind of relentless compulsion to see what this bizarre, ironical, sternly moralistic, hilariously absurd and "Hegelian" — in the sense of reversing all our usual unthinking concepts of life and experience — talent of Jakov Lind's would produce next.

Meanwhile I was glad to see that I was not altogether alone in my praise of Lind's "mad" universe. I was delighted to see that William Hogan of the San Francisco Chronicle described Lind's first book as "without doubt the most shattering work of fiction I have read in years." There is a curious kind of *loneliness*, of profound human isolation, of "alienation," not in jargon but in a kind of terrible depth, in Jakov Lind's work that makes you tremendously aware of the need for human contact, support, help, sympathy, affection or of that "togetherness" which has become a human imperative among the survivors of the Nazi terror and such a cliché on the American scene. I was pleased to learn that Jakov Lind's first book of tales had been translated into some 12 or more languages, and had made him a figure in world literature. Therefore, I couldn't be more pleased that RAMPARTS is now presenting the opening sections of *Landscape in Concrete*.

I feel no obligation to tell our readers what the rest of the novel means, but wish only that if they are persuaded by what they see here, they will find out for themselves. I am, in fact, not quite sure what *Landscape in Concrete* does mean, in part or in whole, nor am I sure that I really want to know. Part of Jakov Lind's "magic" is that he uses the art of language for the sake of magic. This is entertainment and instruction in the deepest sense of art — almost its oldest and most primitive sense. Conversant with witches, monsters, ogres or with a kind of horrible malice that suddenly turns into an insane truth, intimate with the changing forms of Nature itself, beautiful, neutral, menacing, Lind describes a universe of strange animal shapes and forms. He visualizes his characters chiefly in terms of such grotesque animal figures, such threatening panoramas, such enigmatic pictures.

I can only conclude that Jakov Lind belongs to that earliest strain of literary artists who were witch-doctors, magicians, priests, prophets, soothsayers and medicine-men, even while he deals with a world so "modern" after the Hitler pestilence as to destroy all our historical and conventional values; a modern world dissociated from its own past.

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Notes on a Native Son *by Eldridge Cleaver*

INTRODUCTION

The first time Eldridge Cleaver was arrested, he was 12 years old. That was in 1947 and Cleaver lived in one of the Negro ghettos of Los Angeles. Since then, Cleaver has spent more time inside jail than out of it. By far.

Today Cleaver, a tall, handsome man in his early thirties, is in prison at Soledad, California, serving 1 to 14 years for assault with intent to murder. He is no longer a criminal, but a writer, intent only on perfecting his craft.

His first prison sentence as an adult was 2½ years at Soledad, for possession of marijuana, and that was when he started writing. "Or rather I dabbled at it, chaotically," Cleaver explains, "and wrote some poetry, but I never was able really to put anything together." When he left Soledad, he enrolled at Los Angeles City College to study economics, "because I thought that was the thing."

Cleaver has already done eight years on the assault charge for which he's in prison now. Parole has repeatedly been denied him, partly because of his record, partly, he feels, for other reasons. At San Quentin he had been a leader in the Black Muslims, now considered by some prison authorities to have a "constructive" effect on certain inmates. His prison file card still bears a Star-and-Crescent stamp, although he has since repudiated the black nationalist organization. When Malcolm X broke away from the Muslims, "there was a split in the prisons," Cleaver recalls, "and I went with the Malcolm faction. The prison officials regarded us with disfavor, to say the least, and I was the guy who took the most uncompromising position."

After San Quentin, where he obtained his high school diploma, Cleaver was transferred once again to Soledad. He works in the lithography shop. When he's not working he puts in long sessions at his typewriter and attends meetings of the African culture class.

"I'm the historian of the class and I do some lecturing," he says. "It helps me with my writing. There was a white prison official who used to sit in on the class, and who tried to introduce a course in Swahili. Since then he has been fired, I suppose for being too liberal. What I liked about him was the patience with which he would put up with the anti-white diatribe of the prisoners, and his genuine interest in the subject."

While he was in solitary, Cleaver learned that a man's soul can grow and expand, no matter how cramped his physical surroundings or how little he was understood by those who had the legal power to censor his letters, screen the books he wanted to read and confiscate the manuscript he was writing.

The prison system can easily crush a man, even a man of spirit. Cleaver has shown how it is possible to overcome the terrible pressures of our penal laws. Another man might have given up when the authorities took away his typewriter and put him in solitary for having "contraband" magazines and books, including works by Simone de Beauvoir and Tillie Olsen.

Today, Cleaver is ready to be judged as a writer—not as a prison writer or a writer about prisons, but just a writer. He is an authentic voice, and a powerful one. We believe his voice is worth hearing and we believe, too, that some day it will be heard all over the land.
—Paul Jacobs

AFTER READING A COUPLE OF James Baldwin's books, I began experiencing that continuous delight one feels upon discovering a fascinating, brilliant talent on the scene, a talent capable of penetrating so profoundly into one's own little world that one knows oneself to have been unalterably changed and *liberated*, liberated from the frustrating grasp of whatever devils happen to possess one. Being a Negro, I have found this to be a rare and infrequent experience, for few of my black brothers and sisters here in America have achieved the power, which James Baldwin calls his revenge, which outlasts kingdoms; the power of doing whatever cats like Baldwin do when combining the alphabet with the volatile elements of his soul. (And, like it or not, a black man, unless he has become irretrievably "white minded," responds with an additional dimension of his being to the articulated experience of another black—in spite of the universality of human experience.)

I, as I imagine many others did and still do, lusted for anything that Baldwin had written. It would have been a gas for me to sit on a pillow beneath the womb of Baldwin's typewriter and catch each newborn page as it entered this world of ours. I was delighted that Baldwin, with those great big eyes of his, which one thought to be fixedly focused on the macrocosm, could also pierce the microcosm. And although he was so full of sound, he was not a noisy writer like Ralph Ellison. He placed so much of my own experience, which I thought I had understood, into new perspectives from which I derived new insights.

Gradually, however, I began to feel uncomfortable about something in Baldwin. I was disturbed upon becoming aware of an aversion in my heart to part of the song he sang. Why this was so, I was unable at first to say. And then I read *Another Country*, and I knew why my love for Baldwin's vision

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had become ambivalent. Long before, I had become a student of Norman Mailer's *The White Negro*, which seemed to me to be prophetic and penetrating in its understanding of the psychology involved in the accelerating confrontation of black and white in America. I was therefore personally insulted by Baldwin's flippant, schoolmarmish dismissal of *The White Negro*. Baldwin committed a literary crime by his arrogant repudiation of one of the few gravely important expressions of our time. *The White Negro* may contain an excess of esoteric verbal husk, but one can forgive Mailer for that because of the solid kernel of truth he gave us. After all, it is the baby we want and not the blood of afterbirth. Mailer described, in that incisive essay, the first important chinks in the "mountain of white supremacy"—important because it shows the depth of ferment, on a personal level, in the white world: people who are feverishly, and at great psychic and social expense, seeking *fundamental and irrevocable liberation* —and, what is more important, *are succeeding in escaping*—from the big white lies that compose the monolithic myth of White Supremacy/Black Inferiority, a desperate attempt on the part of a new generation of white Americans to enter into the cosmopolitan egalitarian spirit of the 20th century. But let us examine the reasoning that lies behind Baldwin's attack on Mailer.

THERE IS IN James Baldwin the most grueling, agonizing, total hatred of the blacks, particularly of himself, and the most shameful, fanatical, fawning, sycophantic love of the whites that one can find in any black American writer of note in our time. This is an appalling contradiction and the implications of it are vast.

A rereading of *Nobody Knows My Name* cannot help but convince the most avid of Baldwin's admirers of his hatred for blacks. In the essay, "Princes and Powers," Baldwin's antipathy toward the black race is shockingly clear. The essay is Baldwin's interpretation of The Conference of Black Writers and Artists which met in Paris in September 1956. The portrait of Baldwin that comes through is of a vicious, malignant mind in unrelenting, intrepid opposition to the efforts of solemn, dedicated black men who have undertaken the enormous task of rejuvenating and reclaiming the shattered psyches and culture of the black people, a people scattered over the continents of the world and the islands of the seas, where they exist in the mud of the floor of the foul dungeon into which the world has been transformed by the whites.

In his report of the conference, Baldwin, the reluctant black, dragging his feet at every step, could only ridicule the vision and efforts of these great men and heap scorn upon them, reserving his compliments—all of them left-handed—for the speakers at the conference who were themselves rejected and booed by the other conferees because of their reactionary, sycophantic views. Baldwin felt called upon to pop his cap pistol in a duel with Aimé Césaire, the big gun from Martinique. Indirectly, Baldwin was defending his first love—the white man. But the revulsion which Baldwin felt for the blacks at this conference, who were glorying in their blackness, seeking and showing their pride in Negritude and the African Personality, drives him to self-revealing sortie after sortie, so obvious in "Princes and Powers." Each successive sortie, however, becomes more expensive than the last one, because to score each time he has to go a little farther out on the limb, and it takes him a little longer each time to hustle back to the cover and camouflage of the perfumed smoke screen of his prose. Now and then we catch a glimpse of his little jive ass—his big eyes peering back over his shoulder in the mischievous retreat of a child sneak-thief from a cookie jar.

In the autobiographical notes of *Notes of a Native Son*, Baldwin is frank to confess that in growing into his version of manhood in Harlem, he discovered that since his African heritage had been wiped out and was not accessible to him, he would appropriate the white man's heritage and make it his own. This terrible reality, central to the psychic stance of all American Negroes, revealed to Baldwin that he hated and feared white people. And then he says: "This did not mean that I loved black people; on the contrary, I despised them, possibly because they failed to produce Rembrandt." The psychic distance between love and hate could be the mechanical difference between a smile and a sneer, or it could be the journey of a nervous impulse from the depths of one's brain to the tip of one's toe. But this impulse, in its path through North American nerves may, if it is honest, find the passage disputed: may find the leap from the fiber of hate to that of love too taxing on its meager store of energy—and so the long trip back may never be completed, may end in a reconnaissance, a compromise, and then a lie.

Self-hatred takes many forms; sometimes it can be detected by no one, not by the keenest observer, not by the self-hater himself, not by his most intimate friends. Ethnic self-hate is even more difficult to detect. But in American Negroes, this ethnic self-hatred often takes the bizarre form of a racial death-wish, with many and elusive manifestations. Ironically, it provides much of the impetus behind the motivations of integration. And the attempt to suppress or deny such drives in one's psyche leads many American Negroes to become ostentatious Separationists, Black Muslims, and Back-to-Africa advocates. It

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The problem today— our divided nation

Debate is our democratic way. During past wars, however, our people have rallied to our country's position. Not so today! "Hawks" and "Doves" symbolize the national agony of indecision about our course in Vietnam.

The debate rages not only among the so-called intellectual and emotional fringes but also in our political, military, scientific and economic mainstreams. Our Congress, our parties, our military experts—all are divided.

We are a divided nation: *Because* we are not sure that Vietnam is the place to wage war, *because* we are not certain whether we are fighting Communism or Nationalism, *because* we know that the battle for men's hearts and minds is not won in blood, *because* we fear for the safety of this globe.

The search for a peaceful world in the nuclear age

No nation in the world has developed greater military capability. *More than half of our entire national budget over the last two decades has been pumped into military preparedness.* Research and development on more sophisticated weaponry continues. Yet, we are not defended; we are not safe.

We Can't Go It Alone

Part of our search for peace has led us to develop strong cooperative efforts with friendly nations including bilateral and multilateral treaties of all kinds. Our allies depend heavily on us as protector and defender; but they express anxiety and disapproval over our Vietnam policy. So, we are alone even among our friends.

John F. Kennedy Said

"On the Presidential coat of arms, the American eagle holds in his right talon the olive branch, while in his left he holds a bundle of arrows. We intend to give equal attention to both." – January 30, 1961. That same year he proposed and Congress approved the creation of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. The nuclear test ban treaty in 1963 and the present vigorous efforts for a non-proliferation treaty are in large part due to its efforts.

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During the last twenty years, the United Nations has moved disagreements among nations "from the battlefields and barricades into the chambers and corridors" in Israel, Kashmir, Indonesia, Korea, Suez, Lebanon, Laos, Congo, West New Guinea, Yemen, Cyprus.

We have searched for peace through armed preparedness, friendly alliances, research and negotiations on arms control and disarmament, membership and support of the U.N.

But, who believes this is effort enough to cope with the present crisis or with future Vietnams? We think in terms of narrow traditional solutions. We shy away from any *grand design of reason and foresight*, while our times demand imaginative solutions.

A new search endorsed by thousands of Americans

Today we have in our grasp the capacity to eliminate war – or ourselves – forever. We can't eliminate war by signing treaties and covenants. We won't eliminate war by an arms buildup. The simple *desire* for peace has never been enough to *keep* the peace. For peace is not merely the absence of war – rather, it is the presence of justice, of order, of liberty, of law.

Peace requires the substitution of the processes of law for armed conflict in settling disputes, as individuals have learned to do at home. *World peace* demands a *worldwide* system of justice, law, and order. The alternative is continued international anarchy.

We who are World Federalists believe that the only practical way to achieve just and lasting peace is to establish a world federal government, with only those powers necessary to establish and maintain law and order on a world level. We seek to convince the people and government of the United States that such a world federal government is essential to human survival, would preserve our basic freedoms, and can be achieved by orderly constitutional means. We are also aware that peace requires growing use of the world's resources – economic, scientific, and moral – to meet the problems of poverty, hunger, disease, population pressure, and ignorance.

We believe that the United Nations should be developed into a world federation; that the development of the United Nations into an effective federation will be hard, but in the face of the devastation and horror of modern war, that we must surmount the obstacles. We believe that the United States must exert leadership toward this goal. *We seek your help!*

What Must the U. S. Do Now?

1. We must encourage channeling world problems through the U.N. The United Nations will develop by evolution as it copes with crises which come before it. We urge that such evolution advance the cause of world federal government within the scope of the U.N. Charter.

2. All nations, including our own, should accept as binding the rulings of the International Court of Justice on disarmament, on interpretation of the U.N. Charter and laws, and on international treaties. (The repeal of the Connally Amendment is an essential U.S. move toward this goal.)

3. We must recognize that the structure of *a just and secure world peace will be composed of many related elements; elements that are indivisible. Those who seek practical first steps may find no one of them obtainable apart from the rest. Worldwide disarmament without a U.N. Police Force? A world police force not subject to world law means tyranny. World law without adequate enforcement will command neither respect nor compliance. Nations will not renounce the use of force unless international courts are given real authority to decide international disputes by peaceful means *with justice*.

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is no wonder that Elijah Muhammad could conceive of the process of controlled evolution whereby the white race was brought into being. According to Elijah, about 6300 years ago all the people on the earth were Original Blacks. Secluded on the island of Patmos, a mad black scientist by the name of Yacub set up the machinery for grafting whites out of blacks through the operation of a birth-control system. The population on this island of Patmos was 59,999 and whenever a couple on this island wanted to get married they were only allowed to do so if there was a difference in their color, so that by mating black with those in the population of a brownish color and brown with brown—but never black with black—all traces of the black were eventually eliminated; the process was repeated until all the brown was eliminated, leaving only men of the red race; the the red was bleached out, leaving only yellow; then the yellow was bleached out, and only white was left. Thus Yacub, who was long since dead, because this whole process took hundreds of years, had finally succeeded in creating the white devil with the blue eyes of death.

This myth of the creation of the white race, called "Yacub's History," is an inversion of the racial death-wish of American Negroes. Yacub's plan is still being followed by many Negroes today. Quite simply, many Negroes believe, as the principle of assimilation into white America implies, that the race problem in America cannot be settled until all traces of the black race are eliminated. Toward this end, many Negroes loathe the very idea of two very dark Negroes mating. The children, they say, will come out ugly. What they mean is that the children are sure to be black, and this is not desirable. From the widespread use of cosmetics to bleach the black out of one's skin and other concoctions to take Africa out of one's hair, to the extreme, resorted to by more Negroes than one might wish to believe, of undergoing nose-thinning and lip-clipping operations, the racial death-wish of American Negroes—Yacub's goal—takes its terrible toll.

It seems that many Negro homosexuals, acquiescing in this racial death-wish, are outraged and frustrated because in their sickness they are unable to have a baby by a white man. The cross they have to bear is that, already bending over and touching their toes for the white man, the fruit of their miscegenation is not the little half-white sibling of their dreams but an increase in the unwinding of their nerves—though they redouble their efforts and intake of the white man's spermatozoids.

The racial death-wish is the driving force in James Baldwin. His hatred for blacks, even as he pleads what he conceives as their cause, makes him the apotheosis of the dilemma in the ethos of the black bourgeoisie who have completely rejected their African heritage, consider the loss irrevocable, and refuse to look again in that direction. This is the root of Baldwin's violent repudiation of Mailer's *The White Negro*.

"TO UNDERSTAND what is at stake here, and to understand it in terms of the life of this nation, is to know the central fact that the relationship between black and white in America is a power equation, a power struggle, and that this power struggle is not only manifested in the aggregate (civil rights, black nationalism, etc.) but also in the interpersonal relationships, actions, and reactions between blacks and whites where taken into account. When those "two lean cats," Baldwin and Mailer, met in a French living room, it was precisely this power equation that was at work.

It is fascinating to read (in *Nobody Knows My Name*) in what terms this power equation was manifested in Baldwin's immediate reaction to that meeting: "And here we were, suddenly, circling around each other. We liked each other at once, but each was frightened that the other would pull rank. He could have pulled rank on me because he was more famous and *had more money* and also *because he was white*; but I could have pulled rank on him precisely because I was black and knew more about that periphery he so helplessly maligns in *The White Negro* than he could ever hope to know." [Italics added.]

Pulling rank, it would seem, is a very dangerous business, especially when the troops have mutinied and the basis of one's authority, or rank, is devoid of that interdictive power and has become suspect. One would think that for Baldwin, of all people, these hues of black and white were no longer armed with the power to intimidate—and if one thought this, one would be exceedingly wrong: for behind the structure of the thought of Baldwin's quoted above, there lurks the imp of Baldwin's unwinding, of his tension between love and hate—love of the white and hate of the black. And when we dig into this tension we will find that when those "two lean cats" crossed tracks in that French living room, one was a Pussy Cat, the other a Tiger. Baldwin's purr was transmitted magnificently in *The Fire Next Time*. But his work is the fruit of a tree with a poison root. Such succulent fruit, such a painful tree, what a malignant root!

It is ironic, but fascinating for what it reveals about the ferment in the North American soul in our time, that Norman Mailer, the white boy, and James Baldwin, the black boy, encountered each other in the eye of a social storm, traveling in opposite directions; the white boy, with knowledge of white Negroes, was traveling toward a confrontation with the black, with Africa; while the black boy, with a white mind, was on his way to Europe. Baldwin's

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nose, like the North-seeking needle on a compass, is forever pointed toward his adopted fatherland, Europe, his by intellectual osmosis and in Africa's stead. What he says of Aimé Césaire, one of the greatest black writers of the 20th century, and intending it as an ironic rebuke, that "he had penetrated into the heart of the great wilderness which was Europe and stolen the sacred fire . . . which . . . was . . . the assurance of his power," seems only too clearly to speak more about Peter than it does about Paul. What Baldwin seems to forget is that Césaire explains that fire, whether sacred or profane, burns. In Baldwin's case, though the fire could not burn the black off his face, it certainly did burn it out of his heart.

I am not interested in denying anything to Baldwin. I, like the entire nation, owe a great debt to him, but throughout the range of his work, from *Go Tell It on the Mountain*, through *Notes of A Native Son*, *Nobody Knows My Name*, *Another Country*, to *The Fire Next Time*, all of which I treasure, there is a decisive quirk in Baldwin's vision which corresponds to his relationship to black people and to masculinity. It was this same quirk, in my opinion, that compelled Baldwin to slander Rufus Scott in *Another Country*, venerate André Gide, repudiate *The White Negro*, and drive the blade of Brutus into the corpse of Richard Wright. As Baldwin has said in *Nobody Knows My Name*, "I think that I know something about the American masculinity which most men of my generation do not know because they have not been menaced by it in the way that I have been." O.K., Sugar, but isn't it true that Rufus Scott, the weak, craven hearted ghost of *Another Country*, bears the same relation to Bigger Thomas of *Native Son*, the black rebel of the ghetto and a man, as you yourself bore to the fallen giant, Richard Wright, a rebel and a man?

SOMEWHERE IN ONE of his books, Richard Wright describes an encounter between a ghost and several young Negroes. The young Negroes rejected the homosexual, and this was Wright alluding to a classic, if cruel, example of a ubiquitous phenomenon in the black ghettos of America: the practice by Negro youths of going "punk hunting." This practice of seeking out homosexuals on the prowl, rolling them, beating them up, seemingly just to satisfy some savage impulse to inflict pain on the specific target selected, the "social outcast," seems to me to be not unrelated, in terms of the psychological mechanisms involved, to the ritualistic lynchings and castrations inflicted on Southern blacks by Southern whites. This was, as I recall, one of Wright's few comments on the subject of homosexuality.

I think it can safely be said that the men in Wright's books, albeit shackled with a form of impotence, were strongly heterosexual. Their heterosexuality was implied rather than laboriously stated or emphasized; it was taken for granted, as we all take men until something occurs to make us know otherwise. And Bigger Thomas, Wright's greatest creation, was a man in violent, though inept, rebellion against the stifling, murderous, totalitarian white world. There was no trace in Bigger of a Martin Luther King-type self-effacing love for his oppressors. For example, Bigger would have been completely baffled, as most Negroes are today, at Baldwin's advice to his nephew (*The Fire Next Time*), concerning white people: "You must accept them *and accept them with love*. For these innocent people have no other hope." [Italics added.]

Rufus Scott, a pathetic wretch who indulged in the white man's pastime of committing suicide, who let a white bisexual homosexual fuck him in his ass, and who took a Southern Jezebel for his woman, with all that these tortured relationships imply, was the epitome of a black eunuch who has completely submitted to the white man. Yes, Rufus was a psychological freedom rider, turning the ultimate cheek, murmuring like a ghost, "*You took the best so why not take the rest*," which has absolutely nothing to do with the way Negroes have managed to survive here in the hells of North America! This all becomes very clear from what we learn of Erich, the arch-ghost of *Another Country*, of the depths of his alienation from his body and the source of his need: "And it had taken him almost until this very moment, on the eve of his departure, to begin to recog-

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nize that part of Rufus' great power over him had to do with the past which Erich had buried in some deep, dark place; was connected with himself, in Alabama, *when I wasn't nothing but a child*; with the cold white people and the warm black people, warm at least for him . . ."

So, too, who cannot wonder at the source of such audacious madness as moved Baldwin to make this startling remark about Richard Wright, in his ignoble essay, "Alas, Poor Richard": "In my own relations with him, I was always exasperated by his notions of society, politics, and history, for they seemed to me utterly fanciful. I never believed that he had any real sense of how a society is put together."

Richard Wright is dead and Baldwin is alive and with us. Baldwin says that Richard Wright held notions that were utterly fanciful, and Baldwin is an honorable man.

"O judgment; thou art fled to
brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!"

Wright has no need, as Caesar did, of an outraged Antony to plead his cause: his life and his work are his shield against the mellow thrust of Brutus' blade. The good that he did, unlike Caesar's, will not be interred with his bones. It is, on the contrary, only the living who can be harmed by Brutus.

Baldwin says that in Wright's writings violence sits enthroned where sex should be. If this is so, then it is only because in the North American reality hate holds sway in love's true province. And it is only through a rank perversion that the artist, whose duty is to tell us the truth, can turn the two-dollar trick of wedding violence to love and sex to hate—if, to achieve this end, one has to basely transmute rebellion into lamblike submission—"*You took the best*," snivelled Rufus, "*so why not take the rest?*" Richard Wright was not ghost enough to achieve this cruel distortion. With him, sex, being not a spectator sport nor a panacea but the sacred vehicle of life and love, is itself sacred. And the America which Wright knew and which *is*, is not the Garden of Eden but its opposite. Baldwin, embodying in his art the self-flagellating policy of Martin Luther King, and giving out falsely the news that the Day of the Ghost has arrived, pulled it off in *Another Country*.

But the fact remains that of all black American novelists, and indeed of any American novelist of any hue, Richard Wright yet reigns supreme for his profound political, economic, and social reference. Wright had the ability, like Dreiser, of harnessing the gigantic, overwhelming environmental forces and focusing them, with pin-point sharpness, on the individuals and their acts as they are caught up in the whirlwind of the savage, anarchistic sweep of life, love, death, and hate, pain, hope, pleasure and despair across the face of a nation and the world. But, ah! "O masters," it is Baldwin's work which is so void of a political, economic, or even a social reference. His characters all seem to be fucking and sucking in a vacuum. Baldwin has a superb touch when he speaks of human beings, when he is inside of them—especially his homosexuals—but he flounders when he looks beyond the skin, whereas Wright's forte, it seems to me, was in reflecting the intricate mechanisms of a social organization, its functioning as a unit.

BALDWIN DESPISED—not Richard Wright, but his masculinity. Having been relieved of his own balls he cannot confront the stud in others—except that he must either submit to it or destroy it. And he was not about to bow to a *black* man. Wright understood and lived the truth of what Norman Mailer meant when he said, ". . . for being a man is the continuing battle of one's life, and one loses a bit of manhood with every stale compromise to the authority of any power in which one does not believe." Baldwin, compromised beyond getting back by the white man's *power*, which is real and which has nothing to do with *authority*, but to which Baldwin has ultimately succumbed psychologically, is totally unable to extricate himself from that horrible pain. It is the scourge of his art, because the only way out for him is to embrace Africa psychologically, the land of his fathers, which he utterly refuses to do. He has instead resorted to a despicable underground guerrilla war against black masculinity, playing out the racial death-wish of Yacub, reaching, I think, a point where Mailer hits the spot: "Driven into defiance, it is natural if regrettable, that many homosexuals go to the direction of assuming that there is something intrinsically superior in homosexuality, and carried far enough it is a viewpoint which is as stultifying, as ridiculous, and as anti-human as the heterosexual's prejudice."

I, for one, do not think homosexuality is the latest advance over heterosexuality on the scale of human evolution. Homosexuality is a sickness, just as much as baby-rape or wanting to become the head of General Motors.

A grave danger faces this nation, of which we are as yet unaware. And it is precisely this danger which Baldwin's work conceals, indeed, leads us away from. In this, the deepest, the most fundamental revolution and reconstruction which men have ever been called upon to make in their lives, and which they absolutely cannot escape or avoid except at the peril of the very continued existence of human life on this planet. The time of the sham is over, and the cheek of the suffering saint must no longer be turned twice to the brute. The titillation of the guilt complexes of bored white liberals leads to doom. The grotesque hideousness of what is happening to us is reflected in this remark by Murray Kempton, quoted in The Realist: "When I was a boy Stepin Fetchit was the only Negro actor who worked regularly in the movies . . . The fashion changes, but I sometimes think that Malcolm X and, to a degree even James Baldwin, are *our* Stepin Fetchits."

Yes, the fashion does change. "Will the machinegunners please step forward," said Le Roi Jones in a poem. "The machine gun on the corner," wrote Richard Wright, "is the symbol of the 20th century." The embryonic spirit of kamikaze, real and alive, grows each day in the black man's heart and there are dreams of Nat Turner's legacy. And the ghost of John Brown is creeping through suburbia. And I wonder if James Chaney said, as Andrew Goodman and Michael Schwerner stood helplessly watching, as the grizzly dogs crushed his bones with savage blows of chains—did poor James say, after Rufus Scott—"*You took the best, so why not take the rest?*" Or did he turn to his white brothers, seeing their plight, and say, after Baldwin, "That's your problem, baby!"

I say, after Mailer, "There's a shitstorm coming."

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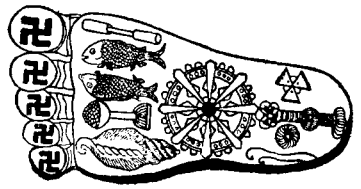

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KINO AND THE CARTOGRAPHY OF NORTHWESTERN NEW SPAIN *by Ernest J. Burrus, S.J. Tucson: Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society. 104 pp. Printed by Lawton and Alfred Kennedy, San Francisco. $22.50.*

Reviewed by Frederick C. Mitchell

THE LIFE OF Eusebio Kino, S.J., a missionary-explorer-geographer and cartographer of New Spain, was a full and vigorous one, from his birth in 1645 in northern Italy to his death in 1711 in northern Mexico. But it is the great contributions of Kino's career—his explorations and his maps—which form the focus of this close evaluation by Father Burrus.

It is a thin book of large format, with some 60 pages of text, 30 pages of notes and bibliography and 17 of Kino's most important maps and charts, designed and printed by Lawton and Alfred Kennedy in an edition of 750 copies for a historical society in Arizona. You will find no *angst*, no ambiguities in these dense and detailed pages—only one man's work.

Father Burrus assumes that Kino was a worthy person, telling us that he was perhaps too energetic and impatient to suit his superiors in Mexico. But Burrus is not a hagiographer any more than Kino was a saint. Kino was a well-trained, highly skilled observer-scientist with a yen to see distant places, and his success is that he combined all of these things in drafting his reports, embellished in his own hand. And if he had been a nice Protestant boy befriended by the right kind of Pocahontas, mapping the headwaters of *our* Chesapeake Bay, perhaps he would have the kind of fame he deserves.

Father Burrus' chief contribution is in showing us the international community to which Kino belonged. It was as important to him that his sketches and maps get back to his old professors in Bavaria as that they reach his superiors in Mexico City. These people were *hungry*. And once his works appeared in print in Europe, they were seized by the ranking cartographic pirates and made a part of the great atlases of the time. That he "proved" that Baja California was a peninsula and not an island is hardly more important than that it engaged men's minds the way it did.

As for the book itself, it is about ten by fourteen inches, in a regal rose cloth, with a large compass rose embossed on its cover. Otherwise it is not heavily ornamented. The pages are left to carry themselves, which they do beautifully without fleurons, borders or garlands. There is a fine calligraphic touch at the head of each chapter, enough for unity, and the maps are reproduced by photolithography. The book is understated, it is royal, and it is one of the best things that the Kennedys have done. Which does not mean that we have to like it and strew it around the living room. We don't have to like the reds and blues of the title page (something of a Kennedy trademark) or the lonely Kino coat of arms out there in front of the frontispiece, or even the very thought of the subject of the cartography of New Spain. But we do have to try to see what the totality of this book can mean to us.

A designer can, if given enough money, make a book on banana-frond paper, printed with batsblood inks, and if there is enough of the aura of handwork and rarity, some collectors will fight to have it, for reasons which obviously have nothing to do with what it is. The Kennedys are commercial printers, in and of our world. Designing and printing make them their living and keep them fed and clothed. They designed this book with their taste and talent, printed and bound it by machine. It is *for sale*.

What we have to get through our skulls is that while a book like this one is an article of trade and, by itself, a commodity, we cannot really own it. It belongs to the three principals, Kino, Burrus and the Kennedys, and after that point it is really just a part of our culture's natural resources, a by-product of the fusion of four minds. We should be as grateful for it as we are for the trees and streams which we can own but never possess. It's a very encouraging thing to think about.

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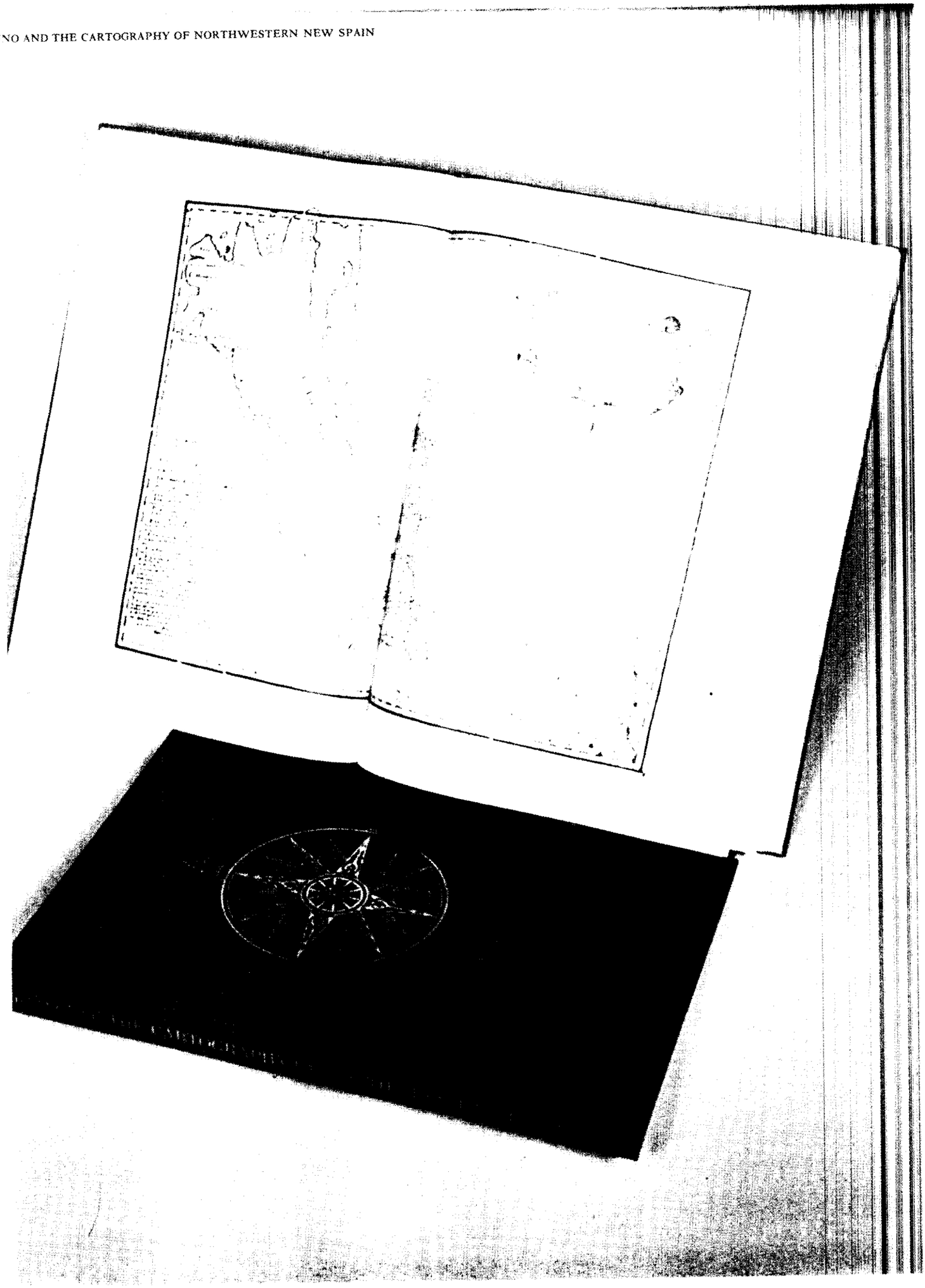

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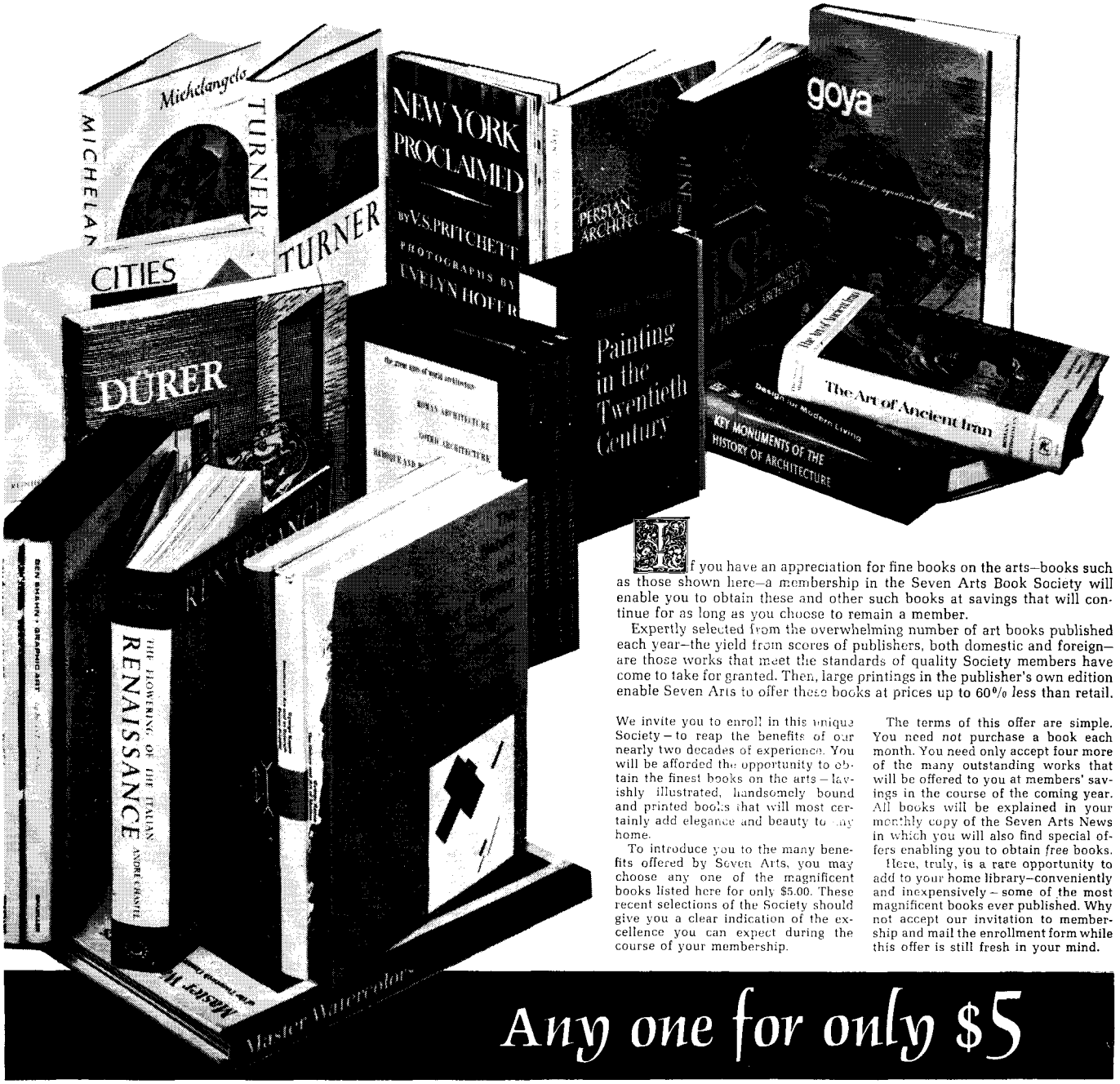

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